THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCIII.—No. 1204] JANUARY 12, 1927 [Registered as a Newspaper

THE RUGGER INTERNATIONAL: SPECIAL PAGES

'Soothing as an Old Time Melody'

Spinet

LARGE OVAL CORK-TIPPED

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

20 *for* 1/6 50 for 3/9 100 for 7/6

BOLLINGER'S

By Appointment to

H.M. KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

THE ONLY HOTEL ON THE SEA FRONT

ROYAL BEACH HOTEL

Excellent Cuisine. Moderate Tariff. Night Porter.
Self-Contained Suites. Near New Golf Course.

'Phone: 2081. Miss Armstrong, Manageress.

BOOK TO FRATTON STATION.

SOUTHSEA

HOTEL LOTTI

7 & 9, RUE DE CASTIGLIONE,

PARIS

The Favoured Hotel of English Society

Telegraphic Address: "OTELOTTI, PARIS."

CLYNO CARS

11 H.P. and 12/28 H.P.

Prices from £160.0.0

ALL MODELS FITTED WITH FOUR WHEEL BRAKES

COINTREAU

"Triple Sec"

Extra Dry for England—See neck label.

GRAPE FRUIT AUX LIQUEURS MEANS GRAPE FRUIT SERVED WITH A TEASPOONFUL OF COINTREAU TRIPLE SEC

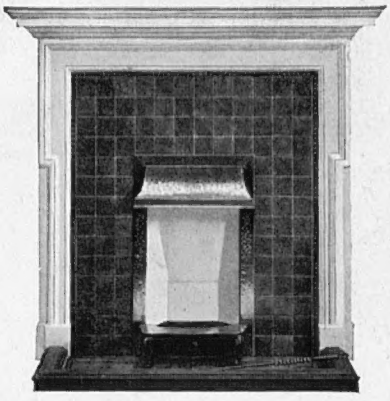
BARKER & DOBSON

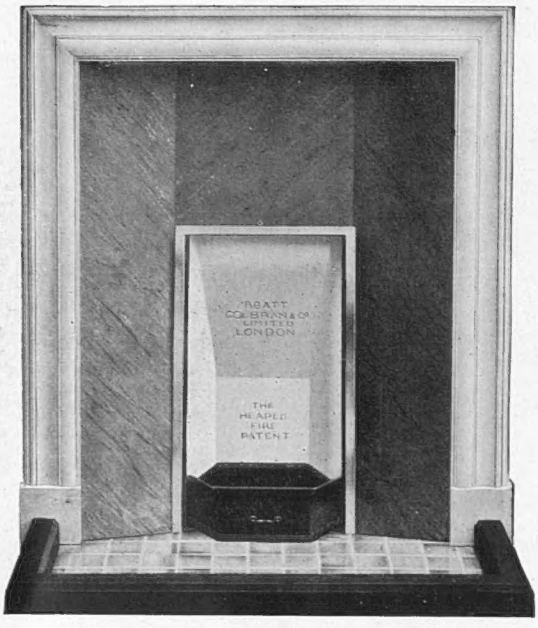
VIKING CHOCOLATES

of Enchantment

4/- per lb. Sold by better-class dealers, and at 174, Piccadilly, London, W. (Opposite Royal Academy).
Made by BARKER & DOBSON, Ltd., Liverpool, England.

The "Heaped" Fire





Illustrated Catalogue B sent on request.

The beauty of the "Heaped" Fire can be appreciated at a glance; but its practical qualities—reliability, comfort and economy—are revealed only in service.

BRATT COLBRAN & Co
and the Heaped Fire Company Ltd
10. Mortimer St London W.1
Telephone Museum 6701 & 6702 Telegrams Proteus Wesdo London

Sussex Agents: J. J. G. Saunders & Sons, Brighton.

Braking on muddy roads.

The whole secret of safe braking on muddy roads is in the velvety action of the brake lining.

If your brakes are lined with Ferodo Linings you have at command a smoothly progressive brake which will give you mastery over your car in all emergencies.

FERODO
FRICTION LININGS

The Linings that make motoring SAFE.

FERODO LTD., CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH

Depots and Agencies:—London, Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Bristol, Belfast, Coventry, Newcastle, Liverpool, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Carlisle and Brighton

A 429.

The Bystander, January 12, 1927 No. 1204. Vol. XCIII

The BYSTANDER

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

A LADY OF SPAIN

Two Belles from Australia's Danceland

MISS FRANCIS NEWTON

Who won the "Prettiest Girl in Danceland" competition held in Australia. Miss Newton, who is one of the leading dancers in the Antipodes, may shortly be seen in this country

Photographs *G.P.A.*

MISS MASCOTTE RALSTON

Who won third place in the "Prettiest Girl in Danceland" competition, is well known in Melbourne society. Australia can certainly hold her own with the Mother Country in the matter of good looks

IN INDIA *Willie Burke*

A photograph taken at Government House, Madras, of the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden with Lord and Lady Goschen. The group includes the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, Lord Goschen and Lady Goschen, Sir Alexander Muddiman, Mrs. Rudebeck. Mrs. Boberg, Capt. Asbrink, Capt. Poynder, Mr. Rudebeck, Miss Portal, Mr. Boberg, Capt. Longfield, Capt. Freemantle, Capt. Goschen, and Capt. Lash

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Marvels of Wireless

THE Duke and Duchess of York are now a week on their journey towards Australia and New Zealand, yet such are the marvels of modern science that they are in constant wireless communication with the King and Queen and the Admiralty, and the Duchess has news of her little daughter several times a day.

I am told, and I think upon a good authority, that after the Duke and Duchess's visit to Australia, an interesting question touching future Governors-General of the great Dominion may possibly arise. Hitherto, the Governors of the various States and the Governor-General of the Federated States have represented the British Government. The recent Imperial Conference, however, decided that in future the Governor-General of Australia is not to be the representative of the British Government, but the direct representative of the King. This means that the Crown is now the connecting link between the Mother Country and the Dominion.

Following on this decision there is a growing feeling, I am told, in Australia that the King should be represented as Governors-General by members of His Majesty's family, thus emphasising the abiding link between the Crown and the Dominion, and likewise placing the Governor-General in Australia on precisely the same footing as the Sovereign in England with regard to all political matters—that is, outside the range of party politics.

T. W. Emmerson

IN THE SUDAN

Sir John Maffey (left), the Governor-General of the Sudan, photographed outside Khartoum Cathedral. With him is Major-General Huddleston

Topical

THE VICEROY IN CALCUTTA

Their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lord Lytton photographed on their drive from Howrah Station to Government House. This was on the occasion of the Viceroy and Lady Irwin's visit to Calcutta

Royal Governors-General

IT is argued in Australia that in the past there have been occasions on which Governors have taken political sides, and now that the supreme Governorship rests

with the Governor-General there should be no possibility of this happening again. With a Royal representative of the Crown, they consider, their Constitution would run precisely as it does in England.

Further than this, it is felt that a Royal Governor-General would give a social importance to Australian life which it does not now possess, and to which it is thought it is entitled because of the importance of the Dominion in the Empire.

Canada and South Africa have each had Royal Governors-General; both, too, have had Governors-General married to Royal Princesses. The late Duke of Argyll as Marquess of Lorne, the husband of Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, was Governor-General of Canada from 1878 to 1883; the Duke of Connaught was Governor-General from 1911 to 1916. Prince Arthur of Connaught was Governor-General in South Africa from 1920 to 1923, and was succeeded by the Queen's brother, the Earl of Athlone, who married Princess Alice, the Duke of Albany's daughter. So far Australia has had no Royal Governor-General.

But should the question be brought on the *tapis*, the supply of possible Royal Governors-General is limited to four—Prince Henry, Prince George, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and the Earl of Athlone; since the Prince of Wales as Heir-Apparent could not take such a position, and the Duke of York's many duties in England make it impossible for him to be out of the country for the long period of a Governor-Generalship.

The whole matter may, of course, get no further than a loyal wish, but at the present moment it is very much in the air in Australia.

New Acts of Parliament

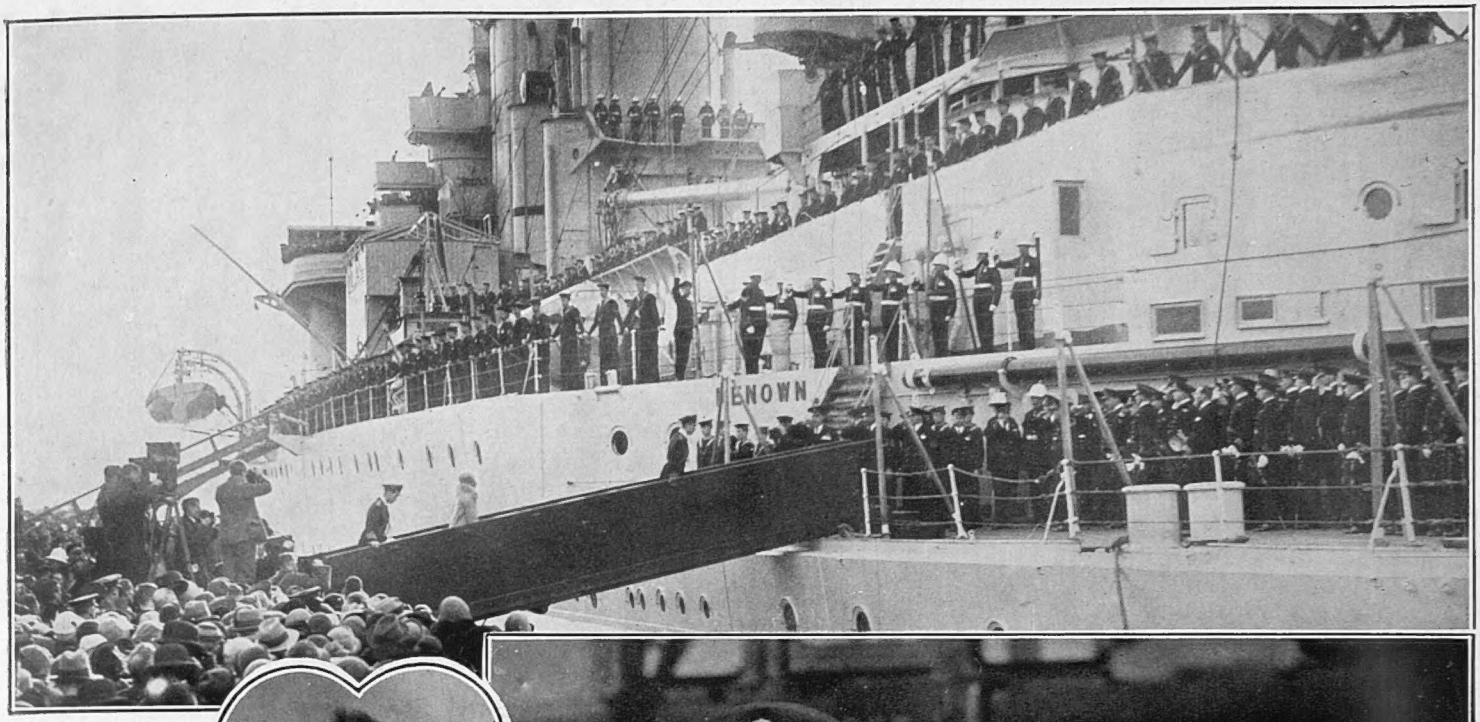
With the New Year, amongst some sixty or so Acts of Parliament, three very important Acts became law. One was the Legitimacy Act, to which I referred a little time ago. Another was the Adoption

THE LAST GLIMPSE *P. and A.*

The Prince of Wales, Prince Henry and Prince George waving a last farewell to the Duke and Duchess of York as the "Renown" moves slowly out. The Princes made their way to the extreme end of the jetty to gain a final glimpse of the Royal travellers

THE ARRIVAL AT PORTSMOUTH *I.B.*

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York chatting with Major-General the Rt. Hon. John Seely, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, on their arrival at Portsmouth. Prince Henry and Prince George are seen on the right of the photograph



Sport and General

THE START OF THE JOURNEY

The Duke and Duchess of York, followed by the Prince of Wales, going on board the "Renown," in which they are travelling to Australia to open the new Australian Parliament House at Canberra. Large crowds lined the jetties to cheer the Duke and Duchess

Act. Until now the adoption of children has not been recognised by the law in England. It was purely a personal matter, a matter of statement, and an adopted child had no claim whatsoever. It could be left to starve when grown up.

The Adoption Act legalises the situation both for the child and the adopting parents. An order from the High Court gives anyone wishing to adopt a child full parental rights and obligations, and the High Court can insist on a proper provision being made for the child. Anyone now can be legally adopted up to the age of twenty-one provided the person adopting is twenty-one years older. The Registrar-General will keep a list of those legally adopted.

This is a return to the old Roman law, when even the Emperors were legally able to adopt their successors. Our new law does not go so far as that, but it legalises a situation which until now has been indefinite, and in which the future well-being of an adopted child has rested solely on the affection and goodwill of the person or persons adopting.

Some Historic Instances

PERHAPS the most notable figure amongst adopted children in the last century was Mary Fox, the adopted daughter of the last Lord and Lady Holland, whose parties at Holland House were so famous. Her parents, I believe, were French. After a brilliant life at Holland House and St. Anne's Hill, near Weybridge, she married Prince Aloysius Liechtenstein, of the younger branch of the sovereign Liechtenstein family. But as she did not come within the strict *geborem* rules of the Viennese Court her life in Austria was not particularly happy. She died six years after her marriage.

An earlier adoption than Mary Fox's was that of Colonel George Wyndham, the grandfather of the present Lord Leconfield.

Photopress

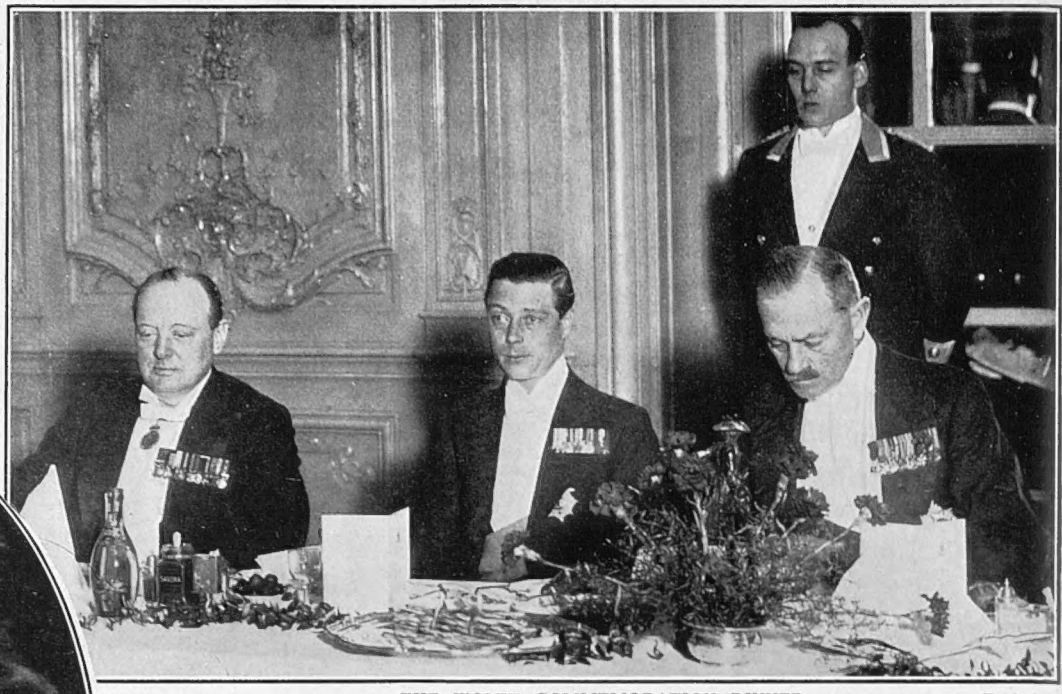
"BON VOYAGE!"

The Duke and Duchess of York photographed at Portsmouth before going on board H.M.S. "Renown" for their voyage to Australia. They take with them the good wishes of the whole nation

He was the natural son of the last Earl of Egremont, who adopted him as his heir, leaving him Petworth Park, in Sussex, a large estate, and a big fortune. He was created Lord Leconfield.

At Torosay Castle

SPEAKING of the Liechtensteins, Prince Ferdinand de Liechtenstein, who married the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Brunner, belongs to the fourth branch of the sovereign family. He and the Princess have just taken Mrs. Murray Guthrie's picturesque old place, Torosay Castle, on the Island of Mull, for some months. It is an ideal spot, looking across at Ben Nevis, for rest and quiet.



THE WOLFE COMMEMORATION DINNER *Topical*

The Prince of Wales photographed at the Wolfe Society's Commemoration Dinner, which was recently held at the Savoy Hotel. He is seen with Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Byng

Alfieri

A SOCIETY ENGAGEMENT

Miss Joan Burrell, the elder daughter of Sir Merrik Burrell. She is engaged to Lord North, the eldest son of the Earl of Guilford

Sybil Clay

TO-DAY'S WEDDING

Miss Elisabeth Bramwell, who is to be married to-day, Wednesday, to Mr. Otho Nicholson, M.P., at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the daughter of Mr. F. C. Bramwell

Lenare

A BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Ivy Wilson, only daughter of Brig.-Gen. Sir Samuel and Lady Wilson, whose engagement was recently announced to Sir Robert Black, of Midgham Park, Berks. Brig.-Gen. Sir Samuel Wilson is Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies

How Shall we Find Out?

To hark back to the new laws, the third one touches us all in every gradation, from peer to pauper. Since New Year's Day it is a punishable offence to sell any food containing preservatives. This word is kindly explained as "any substance capable of inhibiting, retarding, or arresting the process of fermentation, acidification, or other decomposition of food, or of masking any of the evidences of putrefaction."

But, bless my soul! how are you and I, our neighbour, our next of kin, or anybody else, to know when "any substance" is doing all those "tions" to our food? Perhaps the Government will appoint nice, kind gentlemen to find out for us. All these long words won't be of much use to our health and digestion if they don't.

Hay Wrightson

MISS ROSEMARY LAYCOCK

The eldest daughter of Brig.-Gen. Sir Joseph and Lady Laycock, of Wiseton Hall, Notts. She is to marry Capt. the Hon. Arthur Baillie, the second son of Col. Baillie and Baroness Burton

The Lady's Opinion

We were talking about these new laws—and others—at dinner the other evening. A sprightly dame sitting opposite to me threw a bombshell on to the table.

"Law-making," she said, "has merely

been a matter of money-making for eight and a half centuries. Ever since the Conquest we have been making laws every year. Hundreds of millions have been spent in administering those laws. Thousands of millions have been paid to lawyers to explain those laws after they have been made. In fact, the unravelling of the law has become the most lucrative and one of the most honourable of our professions. Yet, in spite of eight and a half centuries of law-making, we still go on making new laws every year. In every difficulty we say, 'Let us legislate!' We have been legislating for 850 years in England, and where has our legislation brought us?"

Nobody Answered

THE lady, in response to the silence, went on: "It has brought us to a world in which one part of the community is forced by law to support another part of the community because there is no work for that other part to do. It has created a hectic plaster, called charity, which the individual can apply almost any day in the week in return for his own amusement to the wounds of poverty and suffering. It has brought us a world in which the industrial community lives on its debts, which we call credit, and the rest of the community live on the hire-purchase system. We live on a volcano of bankruptcy!"

She said a lot more, but I won't bore myself or you with that. When she had quite finished a young man further down the table, who had been very silent throughout dinner behind an exceptionally large pair of tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles, leant forward, and asked, quite humbly and meekly,

"Did you vote for Oswald Mosley at Smethwick?"

My gentles, there *are* pleasant moments in life, in spite of the tax-collector.

Poole, Waterford

A HUNTING ENGAGEMENT

Miss Nancy Leigh, eldest daughter of Mrs. Leigh, of Rosegarland House, Co. Wexford, whose engagement has been announced to Captain C. Harvey, of Kyle, Co. Wexford. Miss Leigh and her fiancé are both keen riders to hounds

Miss Compton Collier

A LOOK-SEE

Lady Dunn, the wife of Sir James Dunn, photographed with a "friend" at Templeton, Roehampton. Lady Dunn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Richards

The Mystery of the Nose

FAR be it from your Bystander to cast a stone, or even a word, at lovely woman. But I ask you, is it really necessary for a charming young woman to powder her nose eight times during a train journey of fifty minutes? Eight into fifty is six times and two over—and she got in the ninth as the train slowed down at the terminus!

I was coming up from the country, and, getting in the train at a wayside station, had a seat opposite this young woman. She was very pretty, dressed and hatted in the latest mode. Perhaps just a little too much in the latest mode—but we will let that pass.

Everybody else in the carriage—and it was full—had a book or paper. She had nothing except a large leather bag dangling from her wrist. This she opened immediately after the train started, taking out

a small powder box and puff. The latter she applied to her nose with the careful solemnity of a religious rite, regarding herself meanwhile in a mirror fixed in the flap of her bag. Then she gently patted the hair on either side of her hat, put back the powder box, closed the bag, and leant back, apparently wholly satisfied with the result.

Yet this operation was repeated eight times! Can any fair reader explain to me why? There literally was not time for one particle of powder to fall from that young woman's nose in between the puffings. And why only powder her nose? Her cheeks were powdered as well, but these she left well alone. She certainly did use a lipstick as we approached London, but for the rest it was all nose-powdering and hair-patting.

I couldn't help the reflection that such obsession as to one's personal appearance must be a species of mental complaint.

Christmas in Italy

LETTERS from Rome tell me that Christmas there was very gay and pleasant with gala dinners and dances at all the big hotels, but some of these letters have made me feel extremely uncomfortable. Your Bystander early in December ventured to warn intending visitors to this land of sunshine to keep their political opinions to themselves. When all is said and done, the political affairs of any nation are no concern of foreign tourists.

Imagine my distress and perturbation when I found from my Christmas letters from Rome that my warning on a wholly political matter had been considered by some people in Italy as an attack upon the Italians and their courtesy to foreigners. If it were not so distressing to be thus misjudged, the situation would be ludicrous.

Your Bystander can only say this: The happiest years of his life have been spent in Italy. Wherever he has gone—north, south, east or west—he has been met with every courtesy and consideration that foreigners would not receive in out-of-the-way English villages and small towns.

So it is rather hard, isn't it? that a lover of Italy should be fallen upon as if he were an enemy, just because he warned English tourists to hold their tongues about Italian politics and to have their passports in their pockets when they took their walks abroad.

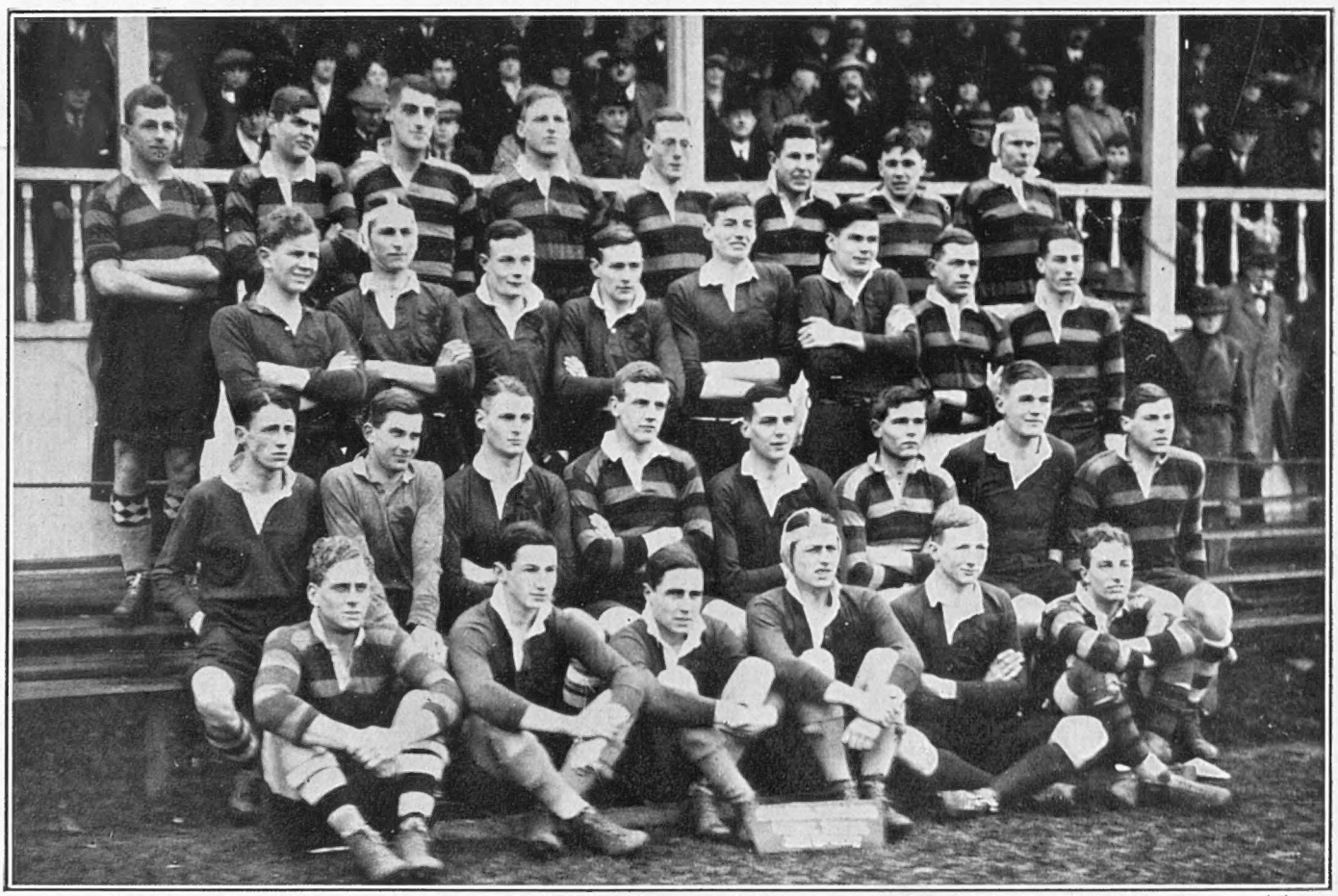
Sport and General

AT QUEEN'S CLUB

P. I. Brett (Winchester) and I. Akers-Douglas (Eton) photographed before their match in the semi-final round of the Public Schools Racquets Handicap at Queen's Club. Akers-Douglas won this match, and in the final round beat K. A. Wagg (Eton) by 3 games to 1

A Question of Room

A MAN I met recently complained that he would not be able to pay his usual winter visit to Grindelwald, because he had been informed by a certain London agency that the place was full up. Luckily, I was able to put him right on that point and proved to him that the rumour which is being spread by certain agencies that there is no accommodation at Grindelwald is absolutely false. As a matter of fact, there is plenty of accommodation for all purses still available, so Bystanders who are contemplating a visit to this popular holiday centre need not be in the least alarmed by false reports of visitors sleeping on billiard tables or in the bath and so on. There's no truth in it, I can authoritatively assure you.

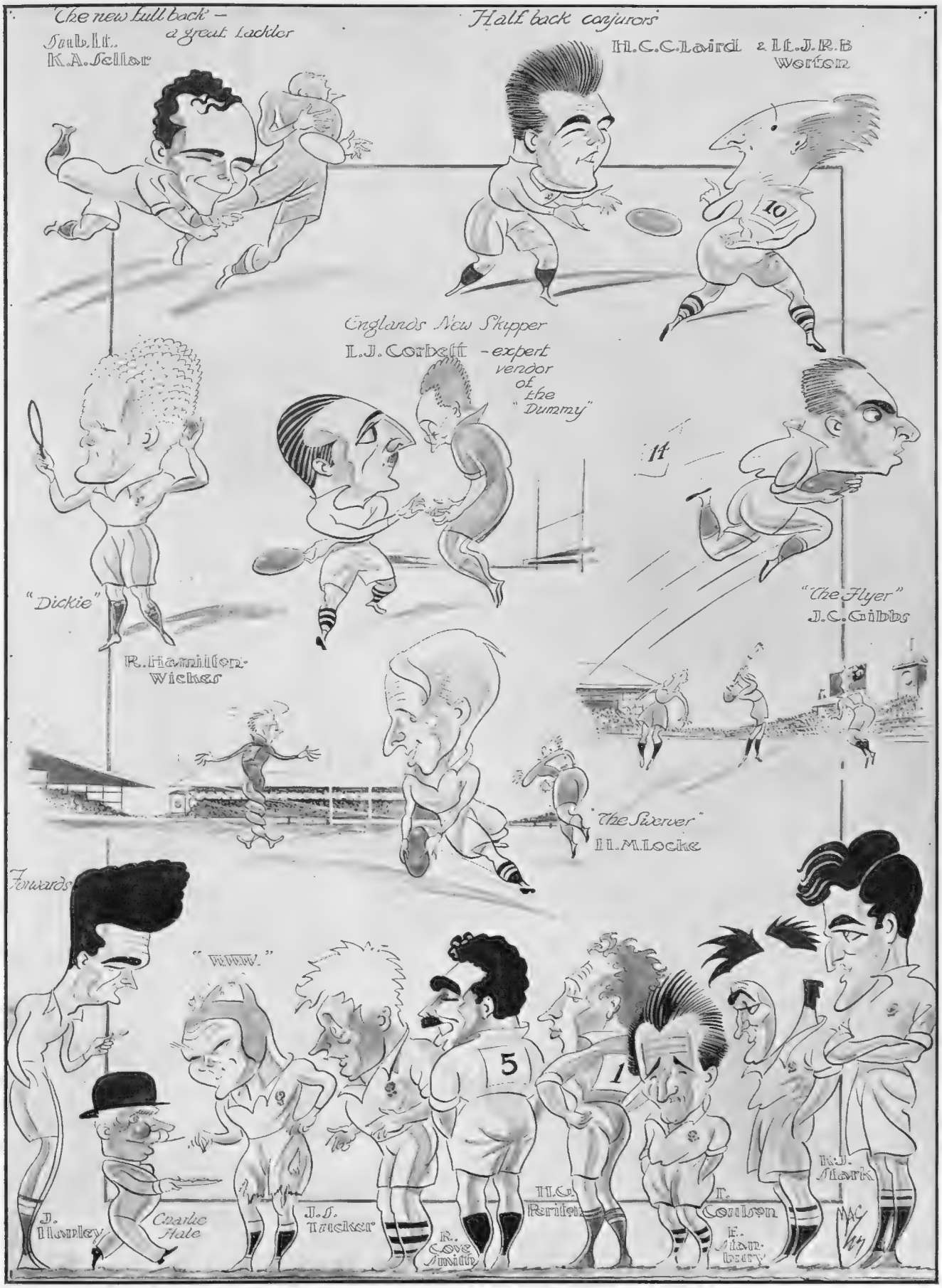


Aitken

ENGLAND *v.* SCOTLAND

A photograph of the teams in the English and Scottish Public Schools Rugger match at Richmond, held on the Athletic ground. After a hard game the Scottish Schools won by 13 points to 5

Fifteen Problems Wales Must Tackle



BY MAC

Our artist's impression of the fifteen stalwarts who will meet Wales at Twickenham on Saturday next. The England XV and their prospects are discussed on page 82

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

How's Your Luck?

THE spirit of optimism that turned London into a pandemonium when Big Ben struck twelve for the last time in 1926 was no flash in the pan. I have met lots of people who are quite sure that their luck has turned, and that 1927 is to be the golden year. This is the right and proper spirit, for, slightly to paraphrase Mr. Pirandello, "If you think it is going to be—it is going to be!"

This Glad New Year

FOR myself, everything started going right in the first days of this glad New Year. If I had bought myself on December 31 and sold myself as a going concern on January 1 I should have made enough to live on for a week. I have had better luck at bridge, and my golf has improved out of all recognition. But, solemn thought, what are the feelings of my opponents who lost both the rubbers and the games? Has this been a glad New Year for them? I suppose not.

It Couldn't be Worse

QUITE seriously, however, it is a good thing that the country is bracing itself to face the future with a smile, for that really is half the battle. As every night brings a new day, so every January 1 brings a new year in which all sorts of splendid things are liable to happen to all of us. Come, brother Bystanders, let us pull up our socks and dive into the unknown in the sure belief that, as the last twelve months were the worst ever, this present year of grace cannot fail to mark an improvement, if only on the grounds that it couldn't possibly be worse.

Happy Returns

THE decision of Miss Lily Elsie to return to the musical comedy stage was a New Year's resolution that will give pleasure all round, for she has never been beaten in her own line of business. It is rather a reflection on the younger generation that the chorus is providing very few promising recruits nowadays. We hear a lot about the hard work that is done by these young ladies, but either they lack the necessary initiative to succeed individually, or the present system of training is too automatic for the supply of leading ladies to meet the demand. The triumphant "come back" of Miss Zena Dare was another instance of the same thing, and the constant clamour for the return of Miss Violet Loraine tells its own story.

This Man's Father Was——

SINCE the admission of the gentleman that "sisters and brothers he had none" there has always been something rather comic about involved relationship. That being so, what about this one, taken from my evening paper: "Had the marriage taken place the husband's two nephews would have become step-brothers of his wife, and the wife's father and brother would have been the husband's brothers-in-law." Couldn't some of our bright young men turn this into a lyric and have it set to music by an American composer?

Fines While You Wait

THE new permit to the Paris police to levy fines on the spot is raising a lot of comic criticism. After all, the same sort

of thing has been going on here for longer than I can remember. If I take a third-class ticket and am forced by the holiday traffic into a first-class carriage, a railway official promptly appears with a receipt book, and, in effect, fines me for travelling above my station. I may feel indignant, but the gentleman remains adamant, and levies toll in spite of all that I may say.

A Silly Exaggeration

Suppose I am travelling by car with my lights indisputably out or my licence indisputably non-existent. Suppose I have indisputably broken the one-way traffic regulations. It would surely be better for me to hand over my half-crown in return for an official receipt than to waste a day appearing at some distant police court. It is a silly exaggeration to suggest that "the opportunities for blackmail and temptation would be endless," where the offence is not in dispute and where the official receipt ensures that the policeman must account for the money he receives.

Poor Old Valencia

On a day of bright sunshine and genial English weather I read that "in Valencia the sea has inundated many a homestead and destroyed growing crops of vegetables." In Valencia, mark you! Valencia, "land of orange groves and sweet content that calls you from afar." Valencia, "where a lover croons his sentiment upon a light guitar." Valencia, "where you hold a rose between your lips while romance croons a lay." Valencia, "where a troubadour beneath the moon will steal your heart away."

Let Us Be Fair

It is only fair to mention these facts, because our English climate, bad as it is, does not always get fair play. We are apt to praise every country but our own, and it will do no harm if we realise, now and then, that other folk have their troubles, too. I have often wanted "to croon my sentiment beneath the moon in a land of sweet content," and I am much happier now I know that a lover in Valencia may get "a frozen nose and finger tips" when he is popularly supposed to be holding a rose between his lips.

Blue Roads

Great surprise seems to have been caused by the announcement that we may shortly expect coloured roads to cross our English countryside, road engineers having discovered that it is possible to mix colour tints with the texture of the new hard pavement surfaces. But this is no new thing. Already we have white roads, red roads, and blue roads, according to the districts in which you travel.

What will Happen

The keeper at the Cathedral at Berne lives at the top of the tower, and if you know the tower of Berne Cathedral you will know what that means. Recently he bethought him to add a piano to his household goods, with the result that a nice upright grand was raised by pulleys from platform to platform, the operation taking some six hours to perform. And now I am wondering what will happen if the keeper of Berne Cathedral fails to keep up his payments. Will the piano be removed, or will possession be considered nine points of the contract?

Band in the Strand

An amateur band, composed, apparently, of ex-Service men, is to be frequently met with in the Strand area. The members cause no little amusement by marching along in military fashion and, while I wish them well, I have been a little surprised at their immunity from police interference. But, after all, this same immunity was extended to German bands in pre-war days, and it would be very difficult to support a charge of obstruction in face of this fact.

By David Wilson

THE POLITICAL PANTOMIME SEASON—COMMUNISM'S CHAMPION CLOWN!

Bright and Brainy

Some people are apt to think that there is nothing in a name, but I am wondering if the number of girl students is entirely unconnected with the very attractive name it was my pleasure and good fortune to bestow upon them. Suppose, for instance, that the authorities had supplied an academic title for those bright and brainy young things! I tremble to think what it would have been. Certainly not "Undergraduette," though any alternative seems now so thoroughly out of the question.

The Riviera Week by Week

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

JANUARY IN THE SUN *Sport and General*

A merry group of bathers photographed at the Stade de la Place, at Cannes, on a January morning. Their winter days are obviously somewhat warmer than ours!

THAT the New Year festivities along the Riviera were quite up to the usual standard could be judged by the comparative scarcity of strollers on the various promenades next morning. There were few familiar faces anywhere before noon, although the first day of 1927 was as brilliant as any day in the month of December, which had been a really wonderful month of almost continuous sunshine.

THE biggest crowd of New Year's Eve must have been the one at the Ambassadeurs at Cannes, where over seven hundred guests were skilfully packed together in the huge restaurant, in such fashion that the waiters could scarcely force their way between the tables, and some people expressed the fear that the walls would bulge outwards! There is a sort of tradition at this establishment that money should *never* be turned away, but on this occasion at least two hundred applications for tables had to be refused, which must have been very painful for the mangement. The most astonished guest of all was a member of a very well-known Sheffield family now staying in Cannes, who recently bought a sardine factory somewhere near Biarritz, and who now declares, since that hectic night, that he knows nothing whatever about packing. Anything less comfortable would have been difficult to imagine, but man on these festive occasions is a most gregarious animal, and woman is, if anything, a little more so. The success of the programme was the display of fireworks outside, which was extremely effective. The crowd comprised everyone of note now in Cannes, and some hundreds of others.

IT was more comfortable at the Carlton, where over three hundred guests enjoyed an excellent dinner and danced to the music of the famous Gold Stars Jazz Band, now spending its first season in

Photographs *Sport and General*

HALF-TIME

Miss Falaise Redhead, sister of the Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, photographed on the beach at Cannes. With her is Mr. Dick Thornton

THAT FILM SMILE!

Miss Stanley-Alder and friend photographed at Cannes. In the oval picture above they are just "shooting" some of their particular friends

A WELL-EARNED REST *Alfieri*

Dame Clara Butt and her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, photographed on the terrace at Monte Carlo. The Riviera weather is living up to its reputation of "sunshine and smiles"

Marc Le Noir

BETWEEN CHUKKERS

Mr. J. Hopping, junr., and Mr. Hopping on the polo ground at Mandelieu. They played on opposite sides in this trial game

Sport and General

IN THE "GRANDSTAND"

Some of the folk who turned out to watch the polo at Mandelieu. The group shows Mrs. Francis Whittham (left), the Comte de Castellaz, Mr. Francis Whittham and M. and Mme. René Lacour

Sport and General

WATCHING THE GAME

Some more of those who were present at the Mandelieu polo ground. The group includes Colonel Lannowe, Baron de St. Marc, Captain Stafford Morgan, and Captain and Mrs. Adams

Cannes, while other leading hotels, like the Beau-Site, the Majestic, and the Grand, also celebrated the passing of the old year in suitable fashion.

S

The town is still laughing, however, at a story that is going round of a millionaire visitor staying in Cannes with a party of friends, who approached a member of the local British colony, whom he had never met before, and told him he wanted to give a New Year's party to two hundred guests at the most expensive place in the town, and asked if he would undertake to arrange the whole affair and invite anybody he liked up to the number indicated! Needless to add, this extraordinary proposition was bluntly rejected—and we were deprived of what would certainly have been a most remarkable spectacle.

S

At Monte Carlo there were gay scenes at the Café de Paris, the Ambassadeurs, Ciro's, the Egyptian Hall at the Grand, Pam's, the Carlton, the Knickerbocker, and the Embassy. At Nice, crowds assembled at the Negresco, Ruhl's, the Municipal Casino, and many of the principal hotels with the intention of making a night of it, and they had the cordial support of the proprietor in each case; while at Menton a very popular event was the gala dinner at the Amirauté. Other famous centres of amusement along the coast that night were the Grand Casino at St. Raphael, the Golf Hotel and Coirier's at Valescure, and the Metropole, Palmier's, Chateaubriand, Iles d'Or, and the Costebelle hotels at Hyères.

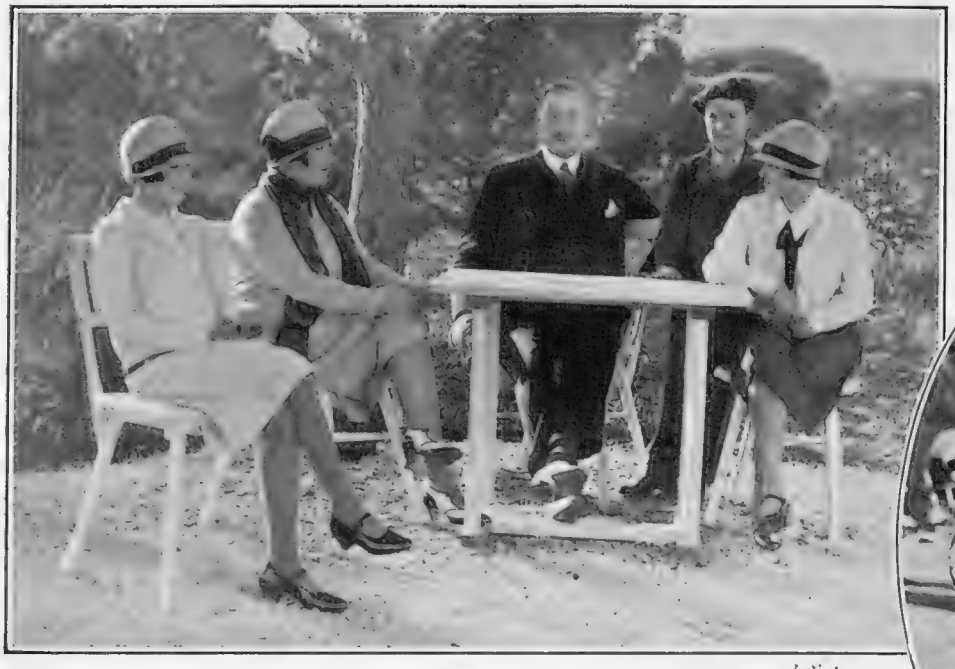
S

One of the pleasant surprises of the end of the year was the unexpected and very informal arrival of the King and Queen of the Bel-

Mieri

THE VICTORS

The Bordighera Lawn Tennis Club team which easily won the annual match against Menton. The photograph shows, standing: Commander R. Brazier Creyh, Messrs. G. W. Grousell, Eric Woodhouse, P. J. Murray, M. H. Cazalet, G. Murray, W. Blair, and R. Hunt. Seated: Miss Long (left), Miss Woodhouse, Miss Hunt, Mrs. Cecil Jackson, Mrs. Allen, Miss Hamilton, and Miss Jones



L.N.A.

TEA-TIME

A family group enjoying the bright Riviera sunshine at St. Raphael. The photograph shows Lord and Lady Decies with their children, the Hon. Eileen, the Hon. Moya and the Hon. George Beresford

gians at St. Raphael, who stepped off a train one morning, supervised the unloading of their not very voluminous baggage, asked which was the way out of the station, and drove away to Coirier's Hotel in a hired *voiture* looking very happy to have

Sport and General

IN ACTION

The Hon. Esmond Harmsworth taking a forehand shot near the side line. The photograph was taken during the Beau Site Tournament, at Cannes

escaped from the cares of a Court for a while and to be in the sunshine of the South. I hear they may visit Menton also in the near future, which would suggest that they heard glowing accounts of the Riviera from the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, who stayed here quietly on their honeymoon, and managed with such notable success to preserve their incognito up to the day of their departure. There are now very few living Royalties who have not visited the Côte d'Azur.

L.N.A.

IN THE SUNSHINE

Lady Walpole and her daughter setting out for a walk. They are seen leaving the Golf Hotel, Valescure

A NEW resort which has actually been in existence for some time but has only recently been discovered by the Anglo-American colony is the Zoological Garden at

E. Navello

AT MONTE

Sir John and Lady Latta taking a stroll at Monte Carlo. The place is now filled with visitors from less favoured climes

Cros-de-Cagnes, on the main road between Antibes and Nice. It suffered from being in that kind of position which everyone passes when motoring but never thinks of stopping to investigate, and now people are finding that it is well worth a visit. The directors are two Russian brothers who have developed an extraordinary knack of handling all wild animals and birds.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

E. Navello

SPORT AT CANNES

Miss Thompson (left), Miss Petchell, Mrs. Satterthwaite and Miss Slaney on the courts at the Beau Site Club. Mrs. Satterthwaite and Miss Petchell were in the final round of the Ladies' Doubles

In the Antipodes

G. P. A.

A new photograph of Lord and Lady Stonehaven, with their two youngest daughters, the Hon. Ariel Baird and the Hon. Hilda Baird, and members of the Governor-General's staff. Lord Stonehaven, who was formerly Sir John Baird, has been Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Commonwealth of Australia since 1925, and will, of course, play a prominent part in the reception of the Duke and Duchess of York during their visit to Australia

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

TAKEN all round, says a famous journalist, Mr. G. K. Chesterton is one of our foremost writers. Certainly; but it's rather a large order to take him all round.

. . . . . .

WE are informed that five hundred men leave Southend every day for the City. Why shouldn't they?

. . . . . .

"How does Smith manage to write so many articles a week?"

"I believe he employs a tripe-writer."

. . . . . .

A NEW theatrical sketch entitled "Hot Stuff" is shortly to be produced. If the promoters want an alternative title, they can have, "free gratis," "The Three Mustardeers."

. . . .

THE correct pronunciation of Latin has been interesting our headmasters. Jones minor is of the opinion that, whichever way you look at it, the whole thing is a pronounced failure.

. . . .

A MR. BRED is said to be one of New York's greatest journalists. A man with a name like that ought to be on the staff of "Life."

. . . .

WE are threatened with a new dance from Texas, where the participants gnash their teeth at each other. We understand it is to be called The Black Bit'em Dance.

. . . .

TO-DAY'S great thought:—The boy who steals the honey frequently gets the whacks as well.

A MODERN MAID

(After "The Village Blacksmith.")

Her hair is smooth and blonde and short,
Her name is Pam or Ann.
She flirts and bets, smokes cigarettes,
She looks just like a man.
Yet puts the lip-stick on her face
At every chance she can.

Day in, night out, she darts about;
You can hear her bellows blow;
She's rarely ill, and never still,
She's always on the go;
She'll tell a tale that leaves you pale,
And drink like billy-oh!

Glancing and prancing, dancing,
"Onward through life she goes";
Her only thought is frocks she's bought,
For which she always owes;
She never stops until she drops,
Or till the night-clubs close!

. . . . . .

"JUST look at May's frock!"

"Yes, dear; but remember, she's coming out this season."

. . . . . .

IT all depends how you look at things. One writer describes Oxford as a "Rose red city half as old as Time"; while another pictures Cambridge as "A manufacturing town with a few quasi-academical buildings."

"YOU ought to have flown to her assistance."

"I couldn't; I'd 'flu."

. . . . . .

THE ex-Kaiser has had his portrait painted. Some of us still remember "The Hopeless Doorn."

. . . . . .

"HAVE you heard this awful scandal about Joyce?"

"No; but I'd love to."

"Her husband came home and found her in the arms of Morpheus!"

. . . . . .

GOOD-BYE-EE!

When Dora goes away from home,
With grief my hair I shall not comb;
I'll heap no ashes on my head,
Nor take to my grief-stricken bed,
Nor pen some elegiac pome;
I'll read no suicidal tome,
Nor plunge my pate beneath the foam:
To no such courses I'll be led,
When Dora goes.

Instead, my lungs I shall inflate,
And walk with a far lighter gait
Unto the nearest shops, where I
A pound of chocolates will buy,
And cigs. and ice-cream (after 8),
When D.O.R.A. goes!

. . . . . .

EXTRACT from a letter: "Dear Joe, I meant to have sent you a couple of fowls for the New Year, but they got better."

. . . . . .

"WHAT do you think of her frock?"

"It looks to me like a bit of pre-wore stuff."

. . . . . .

THERE are some curious cranks about. We have just heard of one who objects to Parmesan cheese because he says it grates on his ear.

BY PETER FRASER

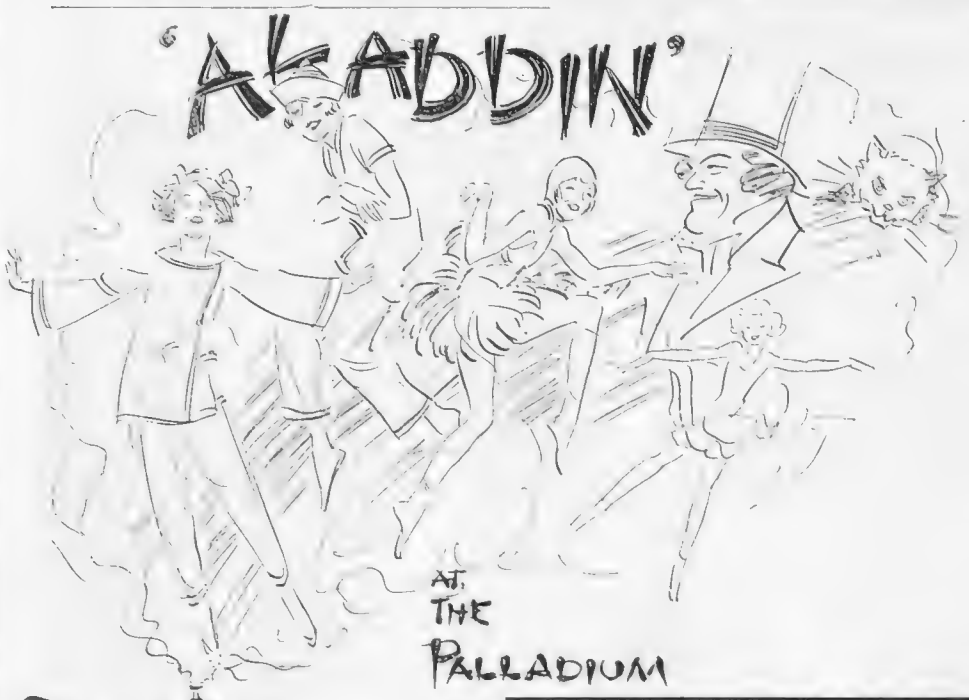
"FINE" APPRECIATION

RURAL P.C. (*taking motorist's name*): "'Ave ye noticed I be a-usin' the silver pencil you gave Oi at Chrismuss, Colonel?"

Figuratively Speaking

BY STAN TERRY

HUSBAND (*noticing pretty girl with her Aunt*): "Her niece is rather nice, eh?"
WIFE: "Don't say 'knees is,' say knees are!"



Produced December 22, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

I HAVE always been fond of pantomime. I am not vain enough to suppose that this quite personal detail is a matter of general interest, but I take the liberty of mentioning it here because it will explain why I approach an entertainment of this kind with much prejudice in its favour. Perhaps it is the sign of a small mind. Consequently, when I find the highbrows rearing up, as it were, on their hind feet, and solemnly refusing their blessing to pantomime because it is not a representation of life as it is, I am tempted in my weaker moments to feel that the most fitting answer would be an over-ripe tomato combined with a straight and unerring throw.

ANOTHER thing. So far I have seen no heated protest from the highbrows and the Stigginses condemning the sadly immoral teaching of the story of Aladdin. Here we have a hero who is a born workshy held up to popular admiration, who lives in idle dissipation by the exertions of his widowed Mama, and who is endowed with a fortune of fabulous dimensions while still in his teens, and marries a princess of the blood. I wonder that some of our shrieking brethren have not held up their hands in holy anger and pious grief at such a disastrous example being set to the young on the threshold of a promising New Year.

BUT we who go to pantomimes because they are nothing like real life know that that is just where the fun comes in. Let us take Widow Twankey, for instance. I wonder who first gave Aladdin's mother this name. She has none at all in the original story, and "Twankey" does not seem quite to fit in with the flourishing Oriental flavour of the names of the other principals in the story. Here the widowed laundress is represented by Mr. Charles Austin, who obviously does not hold the mirror up to Nature. I should hazard a guess that Mr. Austin knows absolutely nothing about the washing and ironing of undies and etceteras, and has never felt the bitter pang occasioned by a rainy Monday morning. Yet here he is, and we are expected to believe that he is presenting to us a reliable picture of a typical British washerwoman. Could anything be more artificial? Or more delightfully amusing?

Stage Photo Co.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MINARET

A scene from the prologue to the pantomime, showing Picton Roxborough, Joan Kingdon, and Mlle. Albion in an artistic setting

MR. AUSTIN has a genius for provoking laughter. There is a quaver in his voice that enables him to make a commonplace line sound like a funny remark, and the look of surprise on his face as he pushes his nonsense over the footlights and listens to the answering roar of appreciation is one of the leading features of the show. His authors have not perhaps been very kind to him; but then it cannot be easy to arrange a part for an actor who has been engaged for the sole reason that he is to be himself all the time. You want to see the imitation Widow talking to the Cat (one of the cleverest impersonations of the kind imaginable, by Miss Pauline Prim) and you will note the little misunderstanding arising from a whispered confidence that made the unrighteous shriek with laughter, although the Widow protested that she had only indicated the room in the corridor where the Cat's milk was kept. The Cat not only smokes a cigarette, but she has a proper fight with the Dog, and thus we get down to real life at last.

THE Aladdin of the pantomime is Miss Clarice Mayne, who in a part of this kind is, of course, *facile princeps*, and several other complimentary Latin words. Miss Mayne, as we all know, sings and dances with perfect charm, and, being an actress of quality as well, she carries the fine old story of make-believe along with a pleasant swing. Then there is Mr. Bransby Williams, who has been so busy all these years impersonating real people that he doubtless finds it difficult to pretend to be a character that is quite untrue to life as understood in Chelsea and Golders Green. Mr. Williams is famous among other things for his skill as a quick-change artist, and he has plenty of scope for his talent in the part of Uncle Abanazar,

FOILED AGAIN! *Stage Photo Co.*

The finale of "The Grounds of the Palace" scene, where the Magician once more comes up against the hero of the piece. Pantomime is one of the places where East and West contradict the popular opinion "that never the twain shall meet"

the Wicked Magician. When he sets out for the Magic Cave with Aladdin he looks like Mr. Micawber in his Sunday best; but as soon as he finds that Aladdin is on to his little game, and that he is foiled again, he becomes by a lightning change Mephistopheles himself, whose chronically rosy hue is doubtless the feature that qualifies him to be the patron saint of the "Reds."

IT is at this point that Abanazar curses Aladdin with a nice liberality and perfect elocution. By the side of this curse the anathema of the Jackdaw of Rheims pales into insignificance; and the popular manifestation of sheer spite that hopes that your pet rabbit will die in the night is not in the same street. The scene of the Magic Cave is helped out by interesting illusions and playful examples of parlour magic that give a nice little extra thrill to the story. Then there are the usual Fairies, without which no pantomime is genuine, and the lively Slave of the Lamp, who bobs up through a trap-door from the underworld, as unlike anything in real life as could well be imagined, except, of course, by any indiscreet person who has been doing himself well on bootleg whisky. And they say that people of that sort do see *such* things!

THEN there is the Princess Boubadoor (I take the very original spelling from the programme), represented by Miss Violet Essex, who supplies the Beauty part of the story off her own bat, as you might say, and whose delightful singing has a well-deserved popularity of its own. This is the Princess who must not be seen by anyone as she proceeds to her bath, and Aladdin cannot understand why, so I suppose his mother never told him anything. The fun of the show is started by two excellent knock-about comedians, Peke and Nese (Messrs. Henry and Edgar Martell), who play all sorts of tricks on each other, thus giving the enterprising schoolboys in the audience useful "sells" that they can take back with them to add to the joy of playground life.

THE pantomime is preceded by a prologue, nicely mounted in Arabian style, in which Scheherazade is heard telling the Sultan all about Aladdin. Then Mr. Bransby Williams has a turn in which he is, as it were, himself again, and we have a gorgeous scene in the "Lacquer Palace" to wind up a most enjoyable evening. Aladdin is a fine pantomime, in the most approved style. Long may it wave!

JINGLE.

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"After a complexion-spoiled run"

Mes Amis—

Not for many, many moons has such a wintry wind blown about the slopes of Montmartre. It has banged some of the doors so severely that it is to be doubted whether they will ever open again, at least under the same *insigne*. They may bear the name of M. Durand, *bois, vins et charbon*, or M. Dubois, *charcuterie*; but it is unlikely that they will ever again display a superfluity of electric lamps as witness to interior brightness as a *dancing*.

S

Dancings are far from being a gilt-edged investment just now. In fact, there have been many *faillites* among the more recently established, and some of the older houses are merely struggling through thanks to strong reserves accumulated during the sunshine period. I know one ambitious place which was completed only just before the slump, and it survived only a month. Now the echoes of scurrying mice are to be heard where it was expected that the laughter of merry-makers would echo from midnight to five.

S

This collapse of the night-life of Montmartre is naturally blamed on the foreigner. It is asserted that Anglo-Saxons and Latin-Americans fled from Paris in droves when the franc come-back was manipulated by M. Poincaré, and they were thus deprived of the power to live in opulence for practically nothing. But while that sort of explanation is good enough for the Parisian public, it is not adequate for those who prefer facts. The Parisian public loves to feed on what it likes, and one of its strongest likings is a belief that it is not in the least to blame for its troubles, but that it is martyrised by foreign exploitants.

S

November and December never were Paris visiting seasons for the Anglo-Saxons, apart from the Christmas and New Year week-ends, and the *hivernants* who stopped a couple of nights on their way to the Riviera. This is the time of the year when Montmartre has to count on the native, and the native has deleted Montmartre from his calling list. For one thing, he has a little score to wipe off for the manner in which he was treated during the summer, when the *tenanciers* of *boites de nuit* were very quick to vituperate over the heads of locals who presumed to query their charges, out of a knowledge of current market prices of champagne or onions for the soup.

S

Rue Fontaine and Rue Pigalle *patrons* have been picking up money for nothing for so long that a lean period may sharpen their business capacities. They might usefully gather a tip from some garage proprietors of Paris, who are bubbling over with enterprise. These bright fellows have appreciated the opportunities which are offered to them by the development of motoring among Parisiennes, and have embarked on the smartest things in the way of garages. They are providing not only *salons de correspondance*—which ought to be much more popular with clients than the crowded and too public *postes restantes*—but also *salles* for dance-teas.

S

And as a *mondaine* might not feel sufficiently polished to trip right into a dance-tea after a complexion-spoiled run in a car, there will be a "beauty-parlour" with all the necessary facilities. This is real thoughtfulness. And I should imagine that such garages will not be patronised exclusively by Parisiennes. They may become serious rivals to the Claridge

(Continued on page 70)

"The too public *postes restantes*"

From Across the Herring Pond

Abbe, Paris

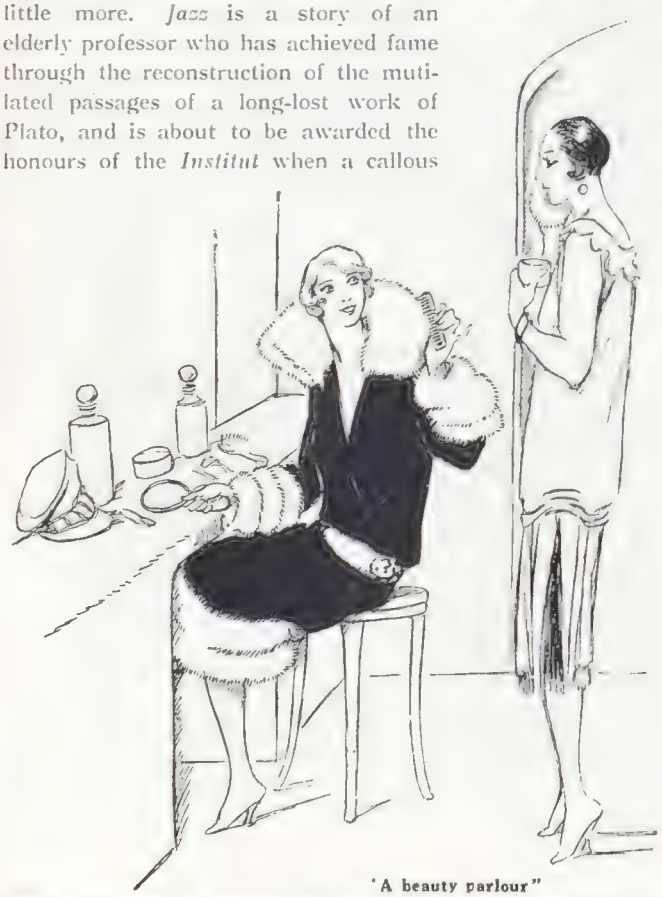
Ludmilla, the famous American dancer, who has scored a marked success at the Folies Bergère, in Paris. She will be seen in London in the future

and the Ermitage and other fashionable *thés dansants*. *Jeunes filles* who would not dare to ask permission to pass the afternoon at a hotel will be thankful for such an excuse as "going to the garage."

MANY people will probably get a wrong impression from the title of Marcel Pagnol's new play, *Jazz*, and hurry round to the Théâtre des Arts in the expectation of enjoying a light comedy, including plenty of well-endowed girls whose riches are clothed only in limelight. But *Jazz* is nothing like that, and as a symbol the title is really not at all apt. There are many other faults about the piece besides the title, and yet it is one of the most noteworthy which has been produced in Paris this season.

"Or M. Dubois, *charcuterie*"

MARCEL PAGNOL is one of the new men, and he is probably the best dramatist among them. He is a real *homme de théâtre*, and should do very big things when he has settled down a little more. *Jazz* is a story of an elderly professor who has achieved fame through the reconstruction of the mutilated passages of a long-lost work of Plato, and is about to be awarded the honours of the *Institut* when a callous English savant discovers the original text, which shows the reconstructed version of Prof. Blaise to be not merely falsely interpreted, but without any basis of Plato at all, the substance being the work of an inferior copyist.



"A beauty parlour"

THIS gives the opportunity for an excellent scene in which the *Doyen* of the Faculté, who has always been jealous of the laurels of Blaise, works off his accumulated hate. Then Prof. Blaise bursts his bonds and tells the students that cultivation of the intelligence is a waste of time, that it is only for the "poor fish" of the world, that is, those who lack the gusto to live *la vie* with a capital V. After, there is a duel of wills between Blaise and the phantom of his youth, which ends among the jazz of Montmartre. Though patchy, it is finely dramatised. Once M. Pagnol gathers appropriate material the result should be triumphant.

SAINT-GRANIER, the comedian of the dentist's advertisement smile, who has temporarily abandoned revue acting for writing, is probably responsible for the plot of *J'Aime*, which is one of the sprightliest operettes for a while. The story is entertaining, there is smartness of phrase, good characterisation, clever staging, and charming music—so rarely found together. If Saint-Granier, in harness with Willemetz and Christine, can keep this up, Paris will be thankful.

THE adventures are those of the Baron and Baronne Malassis de la Panouille, who are ruined and, in seeking to restore their fortunes by arranging rich marriages for their children, are met with refusals, Olivier being in love with a music-hall dancer and Nicolle with a lawyer's clerk. With the sky at its blackest another lawyer's clerk appears with the information that the Baron has been bequeathed a million dollars by a sister whom he had disowned because she had become an *écuyère* in a circus.

THERE is one condition attaching to the bequest, namely, that the Malassis must enter a circus as performers for a year and a day. They accept this alternative to ruin. The circus scenes are excellently done, thanks to Edmondroze, and the Malassis, now Waterman and Onoto, are the most execrable pair of jugglers and conjurors ever seen. On the final day of their penance the circus is giving a private performance at the *château* of the Duke and Duchess of Winchester, and they discover that the Duchess is the Baron's sister, who, instead of being helpfully dead, has adopted this form of revenge. But by this time the Baron and Baronne have fallen in love with their *métier*, and they are far more concerned about the allotment of inches on the bill than about the Duchess's spite. *J'Aime* is a success, and deservedly so. RENÉ.

BY MISS HOMES

"FRAILTY, THY NAME IS WOMAN"

Sorry, But This Was Bou

EXTRAORDINARY HAPPENINGS AT

Readers have often told us that our Special Numbers were "live" productions. A startling result of this "liveliness" is seen
Grindelwald. Meanwhile, Heath Robinson's wi

d to Happen Some Time!

GRINDELCARLO AND MONTEWALD

ve, where some of the figures in Howard Elcock's drawing of Monte Carlo have wandered on to Heath Robinson's page of sportsmen have slipped south to Monte Carlo

BY H. B. HARRIS

"THE WHISPERING GALLERY"

"The card caught the diamond and rolled it to the floor"

NEW SERIES

PEOPLE I REMEMBER

By ARTHUR MILLS *Illustration by STEVEN SPURRIER*

No. II. "FOUR ACE" CHARLIE

We were travelling by one of the smaller but serviceable boats from the West Indies to New York, two young American diamond prospectors, a retired bank clerk, Charlie, and myself. Excepting Charlie, I don't suppose that we had between us more than £150 all told. The young prospectors had not found many diamonds judging by the price they were paying for their steamer fare; the old bank clerk had been sent to Barbados for his health by relations, with a return ticket and enough money to buy his drinks; and I had the bare minimum that the authorities would require to see before allowing me into New York.

Under the circumstances, we did not sit down to play poker for the fun of the thing exactly, though in our cramped quarters in the stern it was a relief to have something to do besides gazing at the smartly dressed passengers up on the first-class deck.

At first an Italian sat in, too. However, in the afternoon—we used to play all day—he came in with a stacked deck; the cards were obviously stacked, for at the enquiry after the row no one remembered shuffling the cards, cutting them, or asking the Italian to deal. During the inquest the Italian was hiding in his cabin, the old bank clerk having snatched a bottle from the table and tried to break it over his head. Charlie wanted the Italian to be allowed to come back and play, his view being that the fellow was such a mug to try a clumsy trick like that, it would be easy to win his money. The others were inclined to agree, but the old bank clerk said he would kill the Wop if he came into the place again, and it was decided he had best remain outside.

I mention this just to show it was a game where everybody more or less took care of himself, and it would not have been any good running to the ship's library and asking for a copy of Hoyle if a dispute arose. I knew in my own case if I lost my two hundred dollars I would have to stay in the Government Hotel on Ellis Island till some more came out.

From the first, the only one that really bothered me was Charlie. Thirty years on a stool had not made the old bank clerk a desperate gambler, and he just meant to sit tight and not lose the money for his drinks. The young diamond prospectors both looked too young to have learnt much mischief and were decent lads, too—as a matter of fact they both came from Harvard. But Charlie was another matter. He used to sit up in the corner with a big cap slouched over the whole of one eye and part of the other, so that you could not see if he was trying to look over your hand or not, and he fingered those cards as lovingly and knowingly as a mother her first born. I did not suspect him of being a professional card-sharper, because, if he was, what was he doing travelling in the stern of the boat? but I did think a card-sharper would have to be a good one that could take him in.

Well, at first the game kept pretty low, no one having more than five dollars on the table at a time. Then Charlie started betting pretty freely and had to keep on putting his hand to his pocket. At last he had no more money.

"I'm cleaned," he announced: "I've got plenty with the purser; anyone lend me fifty dollars?"

There was not a sound.

Charlie looked round and there was an expression in the bit of an eye that his cap let us see that looked almost hurt.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"Well, call that ten dollars then," he said, planting down an old jack-knife.

"You can get 'em for fifty cents," said one of the young prospectors named Fadden.

"I know that," said Charlie irritably; "it is just to show I am in."

"We agreed to play with ready money," Fadden protested.

"So we did," said Charlie, "an' if you'll wait a bit I'll put some there."

He went out and came back in a few minutes with a roll of notes as big as an ostrich egg. "Told you I had some with the purser," he said genially.

Of course, one man having a lot of money in front of him and the others very little, altered the game altogether. Charlie could do what he liked; we were like a lot of errand boys playing with a millionaire. About every other hand Charlie would push out his roll and say: "I'll bet this;" while we could only see him with what we had got.

I noticed the young prospector getting more and more restless. Presently he leant across and said to Charlie: "I'm going to stop you doing that."

"Go ahead," Charlie invited, "if you've got the money."

"I've not got the money," said the young prospector, "but I've got this; it is the only one we found in six months."

He put his hand to his pocket and pulled out a fair-sized blue diamond that had been rough cut. "If you are not sure about it go and try it on that bit of glass over there."

Well, we examined the diamond and proved it, and it was agreed that the stone was worth £300 at least, which was quite as much as Charlie had in front of him.

"You wouldn't let me play with my old jack knife," said Charlie sadly: "but I'm no squeeze, use your diamond."

We all dropped out now, leaving these two to play. Fadden was still pretty angry, for Charlie had bit by bit won all his money with that trick of his of putting out his whole roll of notes, and no cat ever watched a mouse hole more keenly than Fadden watched Charlie dealing.

Now, a lot of nonsense is talked about poker being an easy game to cheat at. If Charlie had been the finest card manipulator in the world he could not have got away with anything dealing those cards with four pairs of eyes right over him. He did not try to. Every card came from the top of the pack.

"There you are," he said, as he dealt Fadden his last card. "Mind your diamond!" he called, as the card skidded over the table.

Fadden put out his hand too late. The card caught the diamond and rolled it to the floor. Instantly we all bent down, and after a moment the diamond was seen and replaced on the table.

Charlie examined his cards leisurely. "Well, these don't seem so bad," he said. "Let's call it ten dollars to play."

Neither men had yet drawn cards, and Fadden had put in only fifty cents.

"I'm there," said Fadden.

It was plain from the way Fadden spoke that he had a good hand, as plain to Charlie as a sick man trying to hide a malady from a doctor.

"How many cards?" asked Charlie, and, when Fadden said he would play the hand he had, turned round and grinned at us.

"I knew he had 'em. Well, I'll have to take four." He flung his discards on the table: "Deal 'em for me, will you?" he said to Fadden; "the pack is just by you."

Fadden gave Charlie the four cards.

"Your bet," said Charlie.

"Fifty dollars," said Fadden, "and" —he positively glared at Charlie—"if you put out that wad of notes of yours this time it's going to be seen."

"I know that," Charlie scratched his head. He had not yet looked at his fresh cards. He now very slowly squeezed them out.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, thumping the table: "I've got the finest hand I ever had in my life. I'll have to bet on it."

He pushed out his whole roll of money. For an instant the young diamond prospector wavered. That diamond represented all he had to show for six months of toil up a fever-stricken river. But Charlie had taken four cards; he had bluffed so often that he was probably bluffing again; finally, he had said he would see him next time.

"I'll see you," he said.

Charlie complacently spread out four aces.

Fadden stared at those four aces stupefied.

"You drew four cards and got four aces," he said like a man a dream.

"Yeh! You wouldn't have thought they would all have got to the top of the pack like that."

Charlie grinned amiably, and for a moment I thought Fadden was going to try to kill him. Certainly men have been shot for less. Four aces to a four-card draw!

"I didn't deal 'em myself; you gave 'em to me," said Charlie.

It was true. Fadden had given out the cards himself. Moreover, during the preliminary shuffling and dealing every motion that Charlie made had been closely scrutinised by all of us. He could not have doctored the pack. There was nothing for it but for Fadden to pay over his diamond.

* * * * *

Weeks afterwards I happened to tell the story to a man in New York who had a good deal to do with the passenger traffic on liners.

He asked several questions about the appearance of the players, then slapped his leg and laughed.

"That was old 'Four-Ace Charlie.' He used to be one of the best-known sharps working between here and Southampton; but we don't let him get on our boats now if we can help it; that was why he was travelling hobo down in the West Indies, I expect."

"But," I protested, "I was watching the game pretty closely, and I must say I saw nothing wrong with the way he played."

"Oh, a fellow like that doesn't play crooked all the time; he always waits a chance till it is worth it, and then cheats once."

But how could he have? We were all watching him deal, and it was Fadden himself who gave him those four aces right from the top of the pack."

"Yes, but Charlie put 'em there!"

"When?"

"When he knocked that diamond off the table and you fellows all bent down to look for it; those chaps only need to distract the attention of the room for a second to do their work—same as conjuring, you know."

And then I remembered how Charlie dealing Fadden's last card had hit the diamond.

Later I went back to England on one of those boats that are so big you never see half the people on board. The night before we reached Southampton I was in the smoking-room, when the lights went out for perhaps thirty seconds at the most. There were some folk playing cards in a corner. When the lights went on again I heard a voice:

"I'll take four; you give 'em to me will you? the pack's nearest you . . ." a pause, and then a jubilant "Gee! I have got the finest hand I ever had in my life."

I walked across to watch the game. It was old Charlie at work once more. He looked up at me, but there was not the faintest hint in his eyes that we had ever met before: "Drew four cards and made four aces! Can you beat it?" he remarked to the room.

I was hurt that Charlie would not recognise me.

"That's a nice stud you have got," I said, indicating a blue diamond solitaire in his shirt.

Charlie ignored such a personal remark from a stranger with well-bred indifference. He turned to the man from whom he had just taken a large pile of chips and who was sitting bemused muttering "taken four aces to a four-card draw!" "Well," said Charlie, "you gave 'em to me." A. M.

A Quaint Curriculum

BY E. T. REED

THE BOY (1927): "Got any plans, Dad, for the New Year?" (Bull mutters something about having to learn the lessons of 1926.) "What? Oh! I say, my dear Dad! *Learning last year's lessons in January?* You *are* funny. Can't say much to us, you know, after *that* remark!"

Where Winter Wins a Warm Welcome

THE ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR CUP *Central Press*

A merry group of the competitors in the ski race for the Roberts of Kandahar Cup at Mürren, which was won by Mr. C. E. W. Macintosh. Messrs J. Joannides (left), Howard Ford, C. E. W. Macintosh, Guy Nixon, Duncan Mackinnon and J. Riddell

SKIS PREFER BLONDES! *I.B.*

W. Amstutz, the famous Swiss ski-runner, during the ski-ing race at Mürren, where every competitor had to don a blonde or dark beard. The blondes were the victors

A FOURSOME AT ST. MORITZ *Sport and Genera*

Lord and Lady Thirlestane photographed at St. Moritz on their way for a morning's sport on the slopes outside the town. With them are their son and daughter, the Hon. Ivor and the Hon. Sylvia Maitland, who are also fond of the delights of ski-ing

—Sports Scenes in Switzerland

TAKING OFF *Central Press*

A skier setting off on a steep run at Mürren watched by a critical audience. The photograph was taken at the top of the famous "Lone Tree Slope"

A CAP-ITAL TEAM *I.B.*

A merry party setting out on a run on the snowy slopes at Pontresina, where winter sports are going strong. Whether, despite their headgear, they have been officially "capped" for their prowess is a doubtful question

AROUND THE RINK *Keystone*

Mrs. Edgar Brassey takes her son for a morning spin on the Kulm Rink, at St. Moritz. Her husband, Lieutenant-Colonel Brassey, formerly commanded the 1st Life Guards

"FIVE TO ONE THE (SNOW) FIELD" *Keystone*

A famous family enjoying an outing far from the madding race crowd at St. Moritz. The photograph shows Steve Donoghue, the famous jockey (left), his daughter, younger son, Miss Simkins, and his elder son, Pat, who has already made a big name as a jockey, at the wheel

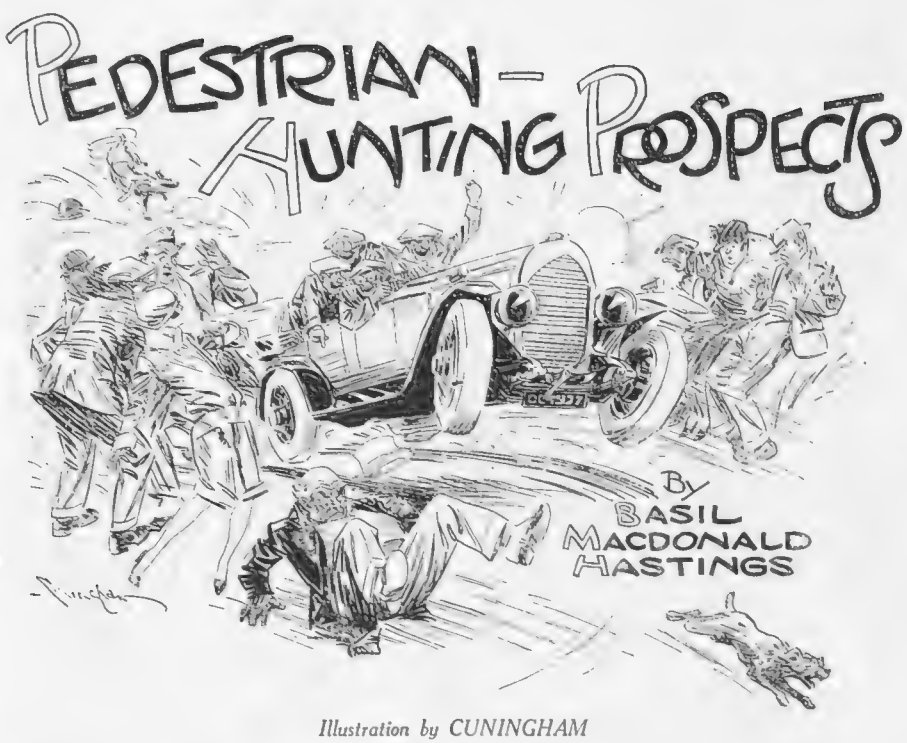


Illustration by CUNINGHAM

Only three pedestrians a day are killed in London streets, and a conference is to be held about it. Only 300 a day are injured—(the actual figures are 2,065 per week)—and the L.C.C. very rightly has called on the Ministry of Transport to take notice. Something will come of it all. I prophesy a great deal more of human gore.

The cowardly behaviour of the pedestrian has for long been a by-word on the by-ways. His most vicious trick is to stick to the pavements, where vehicular traffic can't get at him. Even when he does cross a road, he waits till there isn't an omnibus in sight and then runs—actually runs, so that the fastest car has no chance in pursuit. Sometimes he is mean enough to cross a road in two journeys, taking advantage of what are called island refuges. Many a pedestrian would have been killed off but for the existence of these nuisances, and one of the first duties of the conference will be to consider their demolition.

At the end of the road in which I live is a main street which has been the scene of some of the finest *battues* of London pedestrians. In the centre of this main street at my corner is one of these plaguey refuges with an iron post at each end and a lamp-post in the centre. To this refuge one day last week I saw an old woman run. If she had walked, the approaching omnibus would have got her all right. But she ran, and the driver of the 'bus was so upset that he drove straight at the refuge. He knocked down the post at one end, but was pulled up by the lamp-post. Unfortunately the old woman was on the other side of the lamp-post, and so got away with nothing more than a bad scare.

Of course, it is all in the luck of the game, but one cannot help feeling sympathetic with the driver of the 'bus. Think of the danger to the bonnet of his machine caused by this beastly post. Lamp-posts, of course, cannot be helped; without them motorists would not be able to see their quarry at night. But the posts at the corners of these refuges are utterly superfluous, and have enabled innumerable pedestrians to make a clean get-away.

An idea that is sure to be advanced to the conference is that pedestrians should be driven after the manner of grouse and partridges. This system prevails in New York. Large groups of pedestrians are assembled at certain points on the pavement. The policeman stops the traffic, and directs the pedestrians to cross the road. Of course, the cars are not allowed to charge down upon the crossing covey. That would be unsporting and too easy. The idea is that when the traffic is given permission to move there is always a dilatory pedestrian or two who can be wiped out, and the successful motorist then gets damages out of the dead man's family for splashing his radiator.

In New York, it should be mentioned, a great many more than three people a day are killed, and I am afraid that American sportsmen are rather inclined to sneer at our motorists. They point out, moreover, that if English drivers make 303 hits per day only three are genuine kills.

I asked an American sportsman once what luck he had had in a run from London to Brighton.

"Rotten," he replied. "Only three pedestrians got up on the whole beat. I missed the first and second and only winged the third. Sixty odd miles, and only a 'runner' to show for it."

I must mention here that in shooting parlance a "runner" is a bird injured in the body, but still able to use its legs, so that it is lost unless tracked by dogs. It may be that in course of time we shall be able to breed Walker-hounds capable of pulling down and eating partially-injured pedestrians, but till that happens I'm afraid the quarry will continue to escape to the hospital.

I don't know if I shall be asked to give evidence at the conference, but if I am, I shall put in a plea for pedestrian chutes in the principal by-ways. When a pedestrian is successfully killed nowadays he lies about till an ambulance arrives, and his corpse acts as a warning to other pedestrians, so spoiling sport for the day. Now if at every hundred yards in the best known street-coverts there were a lidded hole or chute, the dead pedestrian could be pushed into it at once, and there would be no reason why another kill should not be obtained shortly afterwards in the same neighbourhood. Pedestrians are quite artful enough as it is, and it is absurd to parade a kill right under their eyes.

The more thoughtful among the body of motorists are perturbed, I hear, as to the probability, even the certainty, that one day there will be no more pedestrians to kill. The car gets cheaper and cheaper, and walkers get fewer and fewer.

The forthcoming conference may like to call experts on the breeding and rearing of pedestrians, and experiments might be made with a Pedestrian Farm for supplying game for the crack London coverts. Tame pedestrians won't be any better sport than tame pheasants, but better poor game than no game at all.

Of course, the time will arrive when there will be only one pedestrian left in London. Think of it! The last of the walkers! He is sure to be a very cunning old bird, and will take a rare lot of killing. When he goes abroad, think of the congestion in the roads. Thousands of cars will follow him, because it is a curious fact that sportsmen love to exterminate the last of a species.

It will be a disgrace to pedestrian-hunters if the last walker dies in his bed. I suggest that a good way to get him would be with a low-flying aeroplane. But the conference may regard that as unsporting. Very well. I shall have no grievance. But I do wish to point out that the present daily bag of a brace and a half (and one hundred and fifty brace of "runners") is positively paltry.

In the Fairy Wood

Sasha

A scene from "Brer Rabbit," the new children's play which is being performed at the Everyman Theatre. Anne Bull is seen as King Deer's daughter, and Nadine March as Brer Rabbit

RUGGER REACTIONS

"SO THIS IS ENGLAND"

By "PENDARVES"

WELL, we know all about it at last—on paper.

Here is England, for the match against Wales next Saturday:—

Full-back: Sub-Lieut. K. A. Sellar, R.N. (United Services).

Threequarters: R. H. Hamilton-Wickes (Harlequins), L. J. Corbett (Bristol) (Captain), H. M. Locke (Birkenhead Park), and J. C. Gibbs (Harlequins).

Halves: H. C. C. Laird (Harlequins), Lt. J. R. B. Worton (Army and Harlequins) (scrum).

Forwards: J. S. Tucker (Bristol), W. W. Wakefield (Harlequins), T. Coulson (Coventry), K. J. Stark (Old Alleynians), R. Cove-Smith (Old Merchant Taylors), J. Hanley (Plymouth), E. Stanbury (Plymouth), and H. G. Periton (Waterloo).

The new Caps are Sellar, Laird, Coulson, Stark, and Hanley—otherwise it is the Old Brigade again.

Several have gone. Notably the great Tom Voyce, Arthur Young, Aslett, Conway, Price, Webb, Devitt, and Catcheside. It remains only for the Know-Alls, between now and Saturday, to say "Why the devil isn't So-and-So playing?" Or, with more vehemence still, "Why the deuce have they picked Such-and-Such?"

Let us, however, glance at the first 1927 England side as impartially as possible. Fifty different men have been told to play in the various official trials. Goodness alone knows how many more have been watched at unofficial trials, for the omnipotent Selectors go about their herculean task privily. Obviously, *somebody* has to be dropped; and the moment for dropping or retaining is a fearfully difficult one for any wiseacre to decide upon.

Personally, I think the team as chosen is, all things considered, as good as it was possible to obtain. No doubt the Selection Committee will breathe again on reading this! Let us consider them now individually. Sellar, so naval officers tell me, is the best full-back the Service has had since the days of G. H. D'O Lyon. That ought to be good enough. He was sound without being impressive on New Year's Day. But he is only a youngster, and the ordeal of a Final Trial at Twickenham is severe. He may let us down a little on Saturday, but the lesson he will learn then will fit him admirably for the Scotch match—and he has a naval training behind him; and we all know what *that* means.

There will be a lot of talking about the threequarter line. Nobody will, I presume, question the right of re-entry of either Corbett or Locke? The former is the new England skipper, and thoroughly deserves that honour. A doubly excellent thing, with "Wakers" a power among the forwards, and Corbett, with his great experience, looking after the backs. The criticism will be chiefly about Gibbs, because his defence is a negligible quantity. But Gibbs is the fastest wing threequarter at present playing Rugger. Gibbs can score tries—seemingly impossible tries. Enough said about Gibbs. "Dicky" Wickes has lost some of his pace. But he has reduced almost to a science of accuracy that cross-kick at the moment of being tackled. His defensive powers are great, and he has had the football sense markedly developed ever since he emerged, a star performer, from the school side at Wellington. On his play at Twickenham it would be the extreme of folly to have left him out.

Laird, certain of a cap since the beginning of the season, is unhappy at stand-off half without Worton sending it out to him. Worton is ill at ease without Laird in the offing. That is why they have dropped Young. Worton and Laird are outstandingly the best pair of halves in England at the present time.

I can't find anything wrong with the choice of our forwards. I would like to have seen Price in, and, against Wales, Webb, because of his weight. But they are all heavy, fast, and fit men. They will stay the course. They will stand any amount of mauling. Tommy Voyce can't any longer. He gets crocked too easily, and, although you have got to bind and gag him before you can get him off a field of play, the risk of his inclusion is too great, for he would be a very heavily marked man against Wales.

The Welsh team has not yet been published as these lines are being penned, so one cannot individualise upon it. But from what one has seen of the "Probables" they are an improved side on last year. Particularly strong are they forward, inclined to weakness behind the scrum—except at half, where Windsor Lewis and W. C. Powell give them exceptional strength. The new rule the Welsh Union have made that no Welsh player may advance beyond the front row of his own forwards until the ball is out of the scrum may militate very much against Powell's cat-like quickness, since he has had to hold himself in check for so many Saturdays. Worton will not be slow to take advantage of this fact.

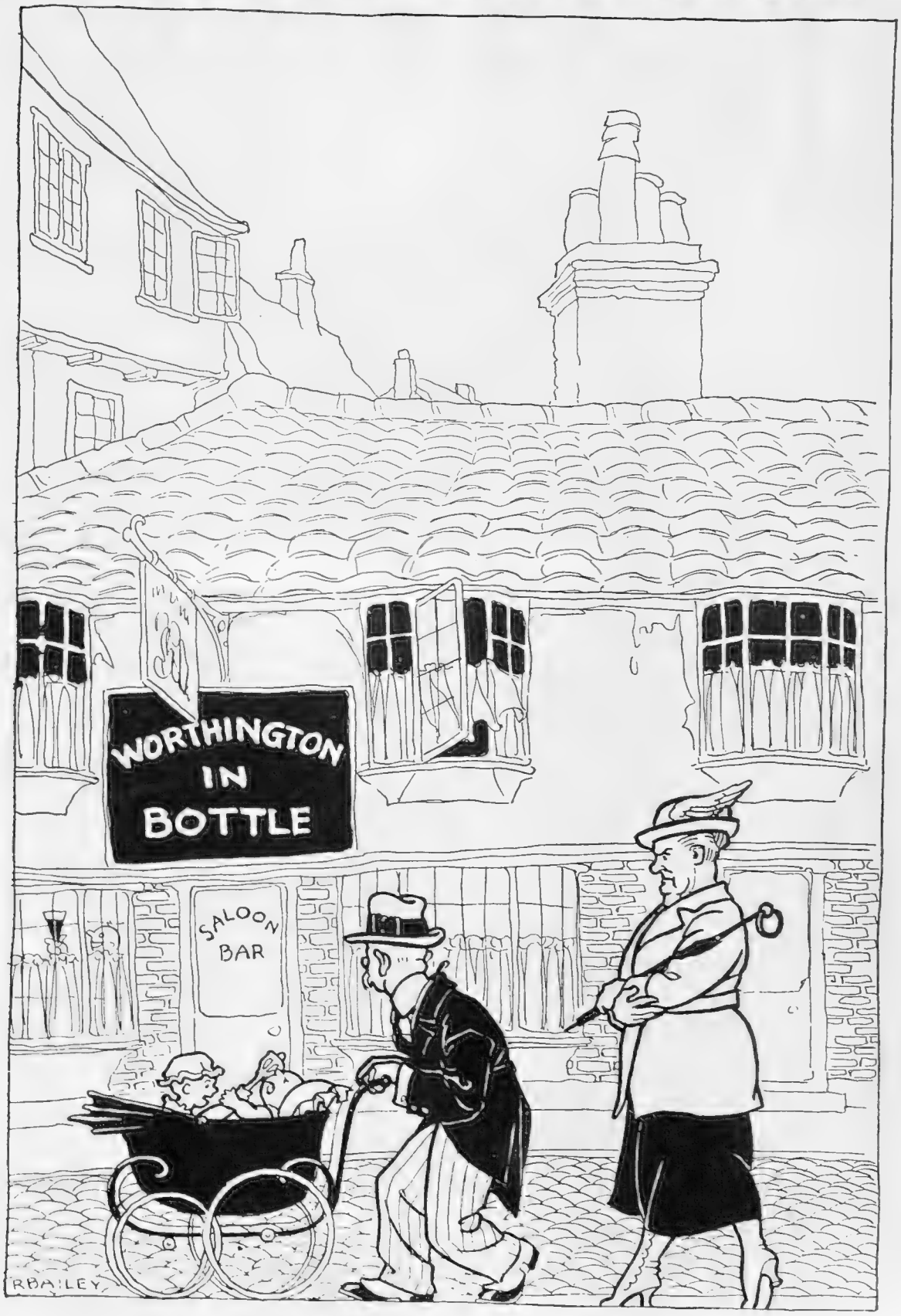
I think we shall beat Wales, though not by very much. It will be a great day at Twickenham on Saturday. The last word on the subject is GO EARLY.

Keystone

AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR

The ball breaking loose from the scrum in the France *v.* Ireland International at Colombes. Ireland proved victorious by 8 points to 3, but the game was marred by the behaviour of the crowd

Play Titles bottled by Worthington



"MR. PIM PASSES BY"

Changing Your Century

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"If you didn't feel like working"

LONDON, *January* 10.

DEAR COUSIN—

HAVE you ever thought of changing your century? Like they do, or one of 'em, anyway, in *Berkeley Square,* at the St. Martin's, you know. Wherein the hero, who lives in an old, old house in aforesaid square, and simply adores old things, and has done sort of intensive study-of-the-past kind of business, suddenly manage to cross the barrier, or border, and finds himself plopped right back into the eighteenth century, in the person of an ancestor of his own.

PERFECTLY fascinating idea must say, it seems to me, and quite the most thrilling thing that possibly could (or impossibly couldn't) happen to anyone. Think of the clothes alone, my dear, for one thing. Just absolutely *the* most intriguingest ever for the women to begin with—nice high-waisted, demure white gowns for the *ingénues,* complete with sash and the longest skirts ever, and sweetly elaborate effects for the older ones, with wonderfully powdered high "heads." While, as for the men . . . simply delightful stocks and pigtails and knee breeches and even, on occasion, kind of Russian boots that somehow look infinitely more becoming on them than the feminine variety thereof that you see hurrying to and from offices and places to-day.

AND then there were the Sedan chairs and routs, and that nice old Watch calling the hours under your windows, and so on—must say really *can't* understand why this Percy Standish was so anxious after only a week or so to get clear back from 1786 to 1926 right away. Especially as he'd met such a perfectly sweet thing in his past (Jean Forbes-Robertson, to wit) and adored her so terribly, you'd have thought he'd have stuck to her whatever happened, and even if it *did* mean being 140 years behind the times. But no, he couldn't stand the way they didn't wash in those days, and how Dr. Johnson dribbled his food and tea all over his waistcoat. (Heavens, says he, how the eighteenth century stinks!) So he went back—or forward to his own century again, and must say *I* couldn't feel a bit properly sorry for him, anyway, when he started somewhat soppily sobbing at the end of the last Act because his girl had been dead for a century and more.

WOULD be positively most amusing, meseems, to go pastwards, especially if they let you keep your memory (or should it be foreknowledge?) like the passable but really rather unimaginative young man in this play. Just think of what wonderful things you could do, even after you'd finished gloating over those dinky old fashions having come all alive again, and having country drives to Kensington and going by coach to Hampstead to take the waters, if you were brave enough to face the chance of highwaymen, that is. . . . Why, you could make millions to begin with on the Stock Exchange or anywhere by just knowing what was going to happen, 'specially if you were good at history and knew all your dates by heart. And then — if you wanted to — you'd always have the satisfaction, too, of saying, or anyway, thinking, "I told you so."

Into the eighteenth century

Dancing at the New Princes'

LIKEWISE, last but not by any means least, there wouldn't be any Bolshies or Mr. Cook around; or clanking trams; or suffocating Tubes. Which, methinks, would all help to make life a bit more worth living, even if it *was* a bit more insanitary, too. And if you didn't feel like working, or doing anything else you didn't feel like, you just kicked and screamed, apparently, and fainted and had the vapours until men frantically kissed your hands and said you could have everything you wanted—instead of just being coldly argued with in a vertical position, so to speak, like a mere ordinary reasonable being.

YES and yea, dear Cousin, those'd be great times to go back to, and it'd be simply frightful fun—all except for one thing, which didn't apply to the fearfully self-centred young man in the play, so *he* was some mutt all right, but. . . . Well, of course, come to think of it, if *you'd* got to go back alone without the people and things you love it wouldn't be altogether quite such a bright little spot after all, what? Wherefore, also, all the more easily and instantly understandable the *grand succès* of that so-called thriller of the moment, "Beau Geste"—book, I mean, not film, though that's a fairly useful

(Continued on page 86)

JOHN JAMESON ★★★ WHISKEY

J·J·PLEASE!

J·J·PLEASE!

J·J·PLEAS

EASE!

J·J·PLEA

J·J·PLEASA

J·J·PLEAS

COMING SIR, BUT—

NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD

JOHN JAMESON & SON LIMITED DUBLIN

LONDON OFFICE: 7 Mark Lane, E.C.3

PARIS: Agent: A. Rouland, 14 Rue Vignon. CALCUTTA: Agent: G. F. Kellner & Co., Ltd. BOMBAY: Agent: Phipson & Co., Ltd. MADRAS: Agent: Spencer & Co., Ltd. EGYPT & SUDAN: Sender & Co., Ltd. SOUTH AFRICA: Tayler & Reis, Ltd., Port Elizabeth

effort, too. Wherein three men who are rather fond of one another all precipitate themselves, not into anything exciting like the past or future, but a particularly hard and horrid bit of the present, so as to be together, or anyway sort of try to help each other out. All terribly *romantique,* and so on, I suppose, but rather amazingly engaging and *human,* as you might say.

MUST confess I've got rather low tastes in literature, alas! and couldn't get on in the very least with Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's last book, "All in a Summer's Day," though I feel certain it must be very clever and Mr. Sitwell must have enjoyed writing (and reading) it very much. Though *rather* pleased to find that Mr. Arnold Bennett (who's in his way *almost* as great a man) completely agrees with me about that other brilliant but quite unprecious book, "An American Tragedy," by Mr. Theodore Dreiser. One of those things, you know, you simply have to call . . . stark, because there's no other name for it. Absolutely naked, realistic, terrible, and terribly appealing human life served up in infinite detail and *sans* any ornamental trimmings, as some of these Americans do do it. Also, oddly enough, have just been completely carried away, as they say, by yet another U.S. production, Edna Ferber's "The Show-Boat," which, thank Heaven, isn't quite so tragic, but is immensely human and picturesque.

"Beau Geste"

THEY are really rather wonderful, these Americans, you know, much as you and I may hate some of their more obvious and salient (so to speak) characteristics. Their manners may be sometimes (far-Westwards, of course) a bit on the sketchy side, but they do get there somehow all the same, what? And according to some authorities, at any rate, they've fairly got the stranglehold on us here in London now. Over films, of course—*ça va sans dire.* But likewise have also introduced and conquered us with, it's claimed, the Charleston, their language (or some of it, anyway), sundaes, one-way traffic, and lots of other things, including what they call automobile petting.

LIFE'S really not so unamusing these days, though, what with policemen being told to be politer and bacon and eggs, they say, going to be cheaper—which'll certainly be a great help at the Night Light or Hector's or such-like places where we go in to finish in early morn the good work that the New Princes' or the Troc. have begun. And also Lily Elsie *on dit* is positively coming back to the stage quite soon—so we'll have, at any rate, a little tiny peep into the delightful past, what?

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

THE NOVICE

TIP-TOED he stands and waits the oval ball,
Which those eight stalwart forwards strive to yield;
Around him the tense crowd peers through a pall
Of Winter mist that lies across the field.

But once again the opposing wing is free,
And once again he hurtles him to "touch";
His centre looks at him despairingly,
"Shall we get that — ball to-day . . .' not much'!"

The whistle for "no-side" will shortly blow,
His reputation lies within Fate's chance:
At last the scrum-half bends and crouches low,
The anxious novice nearly starts to dance!

A flash of white, the "threes" are now away,
A nation's destiny within their hands,
The novice has the ball, and wants to pray!
A frightening roar arises from the stands.

On, on, he runs, of help there is no sign,
His great speed waxes with each long-limbed stride,
He swerves the full-back, falls across the line—
What cared he if that moment he had died?

WILFRED GAVIN

Sketches by CUNINGHAM

THE JUNIOR SANDEMAN PARTNER:

"FOG ONE DAY. FROST THE NEXT, THEN EITHER A FLOOD OR A GALE — THAT'S OUR ENGLISH CLIMATE!"

THE SENIOR SANDEMAN PARTNER:

"THEN YOU WILL BE DOING A SERVICE TO EVERY ENGLISH MAN AND WOMAN IF YOU POINT OUT THE WARMING AND THE STRENGTHENING QUALITIES OF PORT."

THE JUNIOR SANDEMAN PARTNER:

"OF GOOD PORT, SIR!"

THE SENIOR SANDEMAN PARTNER:

"OF SANDEMAN'S PORT, MY BOY. DON'T BE AFRAID TO SAY WHAT YOU MEAN!"

Some Hunting Folk whose Motto

CORNERED BY THE CAMERA *Alfieri*

The photographer bags some of the dancers at the South Herts Beagles Hunt Ball at St. Alban's Town Hall. In the group are, standing: Mr. R. Woodbridge (left), Mr. G. Russell-Vick, Dr. Wilson, and Major Gainsford. Seated: Mrs. Russell, Mrs. McArthur, Mrs. Woodbridge, Mrs. A. Snelling, Mr. G. Mylne Barker, and Mr. Davies

UNDER FIRE *News Illus.*

Colonel H. Crichton-Browne's party face the camera at the Wheatland Hunt Ball, at Aldenham Hall, near Bridgnorth. The photograph shows, standing: Capt. Scott Cockburn, Mr. W Forester, Colonel H. Crichton-Browne, Mr. H. Hamilton, and Miss Sandham. Seated: Miss Crichton-Browne (left), Miss Lynch-Blosse, and Mrs. Crichton-Browne

LOOKING PLEASANT *Topical*

Some of the dancers who obliged the camera-man by "looking pleasant, please" at the Old Year's Night Ball of the Staintondale Hunt, held at the Crown Hotel, Scarborough. They are Mr. and Mrs. Geoffery Unwin, Mrs. Banks Miss Peggy Hart, Miss Elvins, Colonel Sparkes, Mr. W. N. Unwin, and Captain Banks

was "On With the Dance"

"SUPPER IS SERVED" *Topical*

Guests at the Master's table at the Derwent Hunt Ball, held at the Prince of Wales Hotel, Scarborough, delay proceedings for the benefit of the photographer. The group includes Mr. S. S. Lockwood, the Master, and Mrs. Lockwood and their son, also Miss B. Harbord, Mr. Gelshenew, Miss Rhymer, Mr. Harbord, Miss Bromet, Miss Gelshenew, and Mr. Pelham Borley

Photographs

MR. W. SEELY (left), MR. J. SEELY, MISS M. SINCLAIR, and MISS K. SEELY

Sport and General

CAPTAIN H. G. SHERBROOKE, R.N., D.S.O. (left), MISS B. COOKE, MR. R. W. KAYE THE MASTER, and LIEUTENANT R. SHERBROOKE, R.N., MRS. OWEN TAYLOR MRS. S. KAYE, and MRS. J. BURROUGHS

Some of those who made merry at the South Notts Hunt Ball. It was held at the Palais de Dance, in Nottingham

RACING NOTIONS By "Carbine"

The Lincoln

THOSE racegoers who are not lucky enough to be taking their holidays abroad at this dull stage of the year will find plenty to interest them in the entries for the Spring Handicap. I am not going to be so foolish as to attempt to venture upon a selection for the Lincoln until the weights and the acceptances have appeared. At the moment there seems every likelihood that Astérus will develop into a strong order for the race. Ever since his sparkling display in the Cambridgeshire this colt has been marked down as an almost certain aspirant for Lincolnshire honours. The stable in which he is trained, presided over by my old friend Robert Denman, has nominated another candidate for the race in the shape of Banstar, who at this time last year was thought likely to prove the smartest of the French three-year-olds. His performances did not come up to expectations, but he is not a colt to be despised, and there is just a possibility that he may prove better than Astérus at the Lincoln weights. It will be just as well, therefore, for the admirers of the latter not to start backing that colt until stable intentions are definitely known. Several other French horses are to be found in the Lincoln entry, notably Coram, Beiffror, and King Arthur II. Our neighbours will have to be seriously reckoned with again.

Bella Minna

I NOTICE that Bella Minna is among the entries for the Lincoln. Hitherto this charming filly has run in the joint ownership of Colonel B. Fairfax and Captain S. Riley Lord. When they agreed to dissolve partnership, she was sent up to the Newmarket Sales, where she made the astounding price of 9,000 guineas. Captain Riley Lord became her sole owner, and naturally he will be disappointed if she fails to win some good races in the coming season. There was a time when Bella Minna appeared to have trained off, but she recovered her form before the end of the season, and her performance at Hurst Park was particularly smart. Even if she never wins another race, which is quite an unlikely contingency, Bella Minna will be a brood mare of great value.

By "THE TOUT"

H. D. BAZLEY

A cartoon of the popular trainer who has charge of Lord Grimthorpe's 'chasers. He frequently makes successful excursions to Southern meetings

"Atty's" Pair

MR. "ATTY" PERSSE'S stable is represented in the Lincoln by Tolgus and Rosechearty. Both these colts were more or less under a cloud for a long time last year. Efforts to sell Tolgus have not proved successful, though when he was sound he was undoubtedly one of the smartest performers of his age. It will be a feather in Mr. Persse's cap if he gets Tolgus back to winning form. One entry for the Lincoln which I did not expect to find is the Aga Khan's colt Cimiez. You will remember what a good show he made in the Derby, but for the rest of the season he scarcely lived up to the reputation he made at Epsom. The stable in which he is trained nearly brought off a big win in the Lincoln last year with Zionist, and it was only by a few inches that the bookmakers were saved from an exceedingly bad race.

Steve's Mount

THERE is no lack of class in the Lincoln entry. Embargo is bound to be somewhere near the top of the handicap, and one may hazard, even at this early date, upon the prediction that he will be the mount of Steve Donoghue, who still has a big following in races of this type. I have never been able to discover why Embargo made such a moderate show in the Cambridgeshire. He put up a remarkably good effort a few weeks later in the Markeaton Plate. Taking his form all round, he has been a most consistent colt and if his trainer can get him fit so early in the season he will assuredly be a danger to the best.

HUNTING AND POLO NOTES By A. W. Coaten

The Pytchley

IT is now known that Sir Charles Lowther's resignation of the Mastership of the Pytchley Hounds is coupled with that of his brother, Colonel Jack Lowther. Naturally, there is much curiosity in the Shires as to how this important gap will be filled. It will not be an easy matter to find an adequate successor to these eminently popular Masters, under whose management the famous pack has more than maintained its great reputation. Frank Freeman, who may go into retirement with the Lowthers, has shown excellent sport so far this season. The Pytchley had a particularly enjoyable day from South Kilworth last week, hounds being seen to great advantage in spite of the fact that scent was not particularly helpful. The going is remarkably good in Northamptonshire; in fact, this is the report one gets from the majority of hunting countries. Some huntsmen are declaring it would be better for sport if the ground became softer.

A Popular Foxhunter

HUNTING people in Warwickshire have been delighted to see Sir Frederick Freake in his accustomed place with the county pack since Christmas. Previously he had been kept out of the field for some time by illness. He is one of the "Council of Three" who are managing the affairs of the Warwickshire Hunt during the current season. Up to the present I have not heard that this pack has been successful in its quest for a new M.F.H. Although the Warwickshire country may not be quite such a delightful foxhunting region as it was in the palmy days of the eighteenth Lord Willoughby de Broke, it still presents many attractive features. No doubt the right man for the Mastership will present himself in due course, though it becomes increasingly apparent that there is not a superabundance of sportsmen who have the necessary aptitude and money to run a hunting country of this important character. Sir F. Freake is still one of the best men for hounds in Warwickshire. Time was when he was one of our foremost polo players, and I have agreeable recollections of the many superb games he put up with Mr. Walter Buckmaster for the Old Cantabs.

In the Middleton Country

FROM Yorkshire comes the news that the difficulties regarding the future of the Middleton Hunt have been settled by the acceptance of the Sole Mastership by Colonel M. Borwick. At the present time he holds the joint command with Lord Grimthorpe, who has expressed his intention of retiring from office. The Middleton country is still one of the most extensive in Yorkshire, though it has a subsidiary pack nowadays under the Mastership of Captain T. L. Wickham-Boynton. The latter hunts the eastern side of the country, which includes the far-spreading Sledmere estate. Captain Wickham-Boynton, who is generally recognised as one of the best judges of hunters and thoroughbred stock of his time, includes among his other activities the honorary secretaryship of the Holderness Hounds. The latter cover one of the finest plough countries in England. Their Hunt Committee is now looking for a new M.F.H., the resignation of Captain J. Harrison Broadley having been received.

Women Polo Players

SOME attention has been given in the papers during the past few days to a resolution affecting women polo players which was passed at a recent meeting of the County Polo Association. It was decided that the ladies will not be eligible to receive a handicap or to take part in tournaments. This will not cause much stir in the polo world, for there are very few women players—in this country, at all events—who are sufficiently proficient in the game to take their place in strenuous polo, one exception being Mrs. Dunbar.

FREE 10-Day Tube *Mail Coupon*

To Whiten dull teeth

A new way, based on advanced scientific principles, that lightens cloudy teeth; that restores off-colour teeth to charming clearness

IF you want whiter teeth, please make this remarkable test. It will prove your teeth are not naturally "off-colour" or dull.

It will give them clear and beautiful whiteness. It will firm your gums to a healthy colour.

Just mail the coupon and a 10-day supply will be sent you.

You are hiding your teeth with a film coat . . that is all

Dental science now tells us that most tooth troubles have a potential origin in a film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays.

Mere brushing won't do

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

It removes that film And Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube to THE PEPSODENT CO., (Dept. 153), 42, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

1962 Pepsodent *The New-Day Quality Dentifrice*

Send to

Name .....

Address .....

Give full address. Write plainly. Only one tube to a family. *Bystander*, 12/1/27

Have you heard this one?

Discounted!

Reggie (entertaining his uncle, who is a connoisseur) "You needn't be afraid, it's thirty-four port, you know."

Uncle "Thirty-four fiddlesticks—it's no more thirty-four than I am!"

Reggie "Indeed, it's really thirty-six—thirty-four if you return the bottles."

A good story and a good cigarette are worth repeating!

STATE EXPRESS 333

TWENTY FOR ONE SHILLING

Plain or Cork Tipped.

Ask, please, for "Three Threes"

ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD. LONDON.

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

THE other day I happened to see in one of the newspapers two photographs of ladies busily shopping for Christmas. One belonged to to-day, the other was twenty years old. Only twenty years old, but what an astonishing difference! You could hardly believe that in this very century women went about in the clothes that they did. And I remembered those two photographs when I was looking through Mr. H. O. Duncan's monumental compilation, *The World on Wheels* (Author, Paris: 63*s.* net). For if in these twenty years feminine fashions have changed so greatly, the change in the motor car is very much greater. It is almost unbelievable.

Mr. Duncan, I hasten to say, does not confine himself to horseless carriages. He covers the entire range of vehicular traffic from the beginning of things, when an enlightened savage discovered the singular fact that a round log would *roll*, on to the present day when a machine—with wheels, but with wings as well—will rise up into the air and fly at more than two hundred miles an hour. Indeed, he has covered his ground astonishingly well. There are curious omissions, I confess, but even in a book of more than a thousand pages that was to be expected. Personally, I could have wished for more information about the changing breadth of wheels and about the astoundingly decorative carriages and coaches of the seventeenth century, particularly in Italy and Russia. But then I speak as a man who once dared to write a book on the subject himself.

As a bicyclist of European reputation, Mr. Duncan naturally has much to say of those old-time racers and roadsters, but he also gives plenty of space to the early steam engines, and almost every experiment made with a gas engine seems to have come under his notice. As for his gallery of illustrations, there never can have been such a collection brought together before. It is wonderfully complete and of quite extraordinary interest. Incidentally Mr. Duncan, on occasion, can poke fun at himself. Some of his sections are, to say the least of it, unexpected, but they are all intriguing. On the whole I have but one serious criticism to make. I *carried* Mr. Duncan's book for more than a mile, and it must be about the weightiest book produced for some years.

❋

REGIMENTAL histories have an unavoidable tendency to run on more or less similar lines, but there is at least one ancient military institution in this country which has always occupied a privileged, though not undeserved, position, and its picturesque history is not like the others. One is therefore not surprised to find that Major Goold Walker's account of *The Honourable Artillery Company*, 1537-1926 (Lane: 12*s.* 6*d.* net) bears but small resemblance to the usual conventional if meritorious, compilation. His book, indeed, is entertaining throughout. The history of the H.A.C. is peculiarly intertwined with that of London itself. And so there are peaceful celebrations and pastimes to be described, Royal visits to be recorded, town troubles to be dealt with, and a whole variety—all of amusing or interesting and important events to be related, in addition to the story of brave endeavour and triumph.

Luckily, too, Major Walker writes with a light-hearted pen. He is also fortunate in his publishers, for they have allowed him a very generous measure in the matter of illustration—four plates in colour and no less than seventy-four in black-and-white. Lord Denbigh writes a foreword which is rather more genial than is generally the case with such things, and the whole book is an admirable piece of work.

❋

IN *Young Malcolm* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) Mr. George Blake has told a very charming story in the charmingest possible fashion. He has done more, for he has provided a wise little commentary on our modern way of doing things. When brains appear in a humble Scottish household you might, if you were romantically inclined, suppose that their owner would progress steadily and adventurously to the heights, but although Malcolm Tweedie is able to satisfy some of his ambitions—the plumber's son becomes a doctor—he never reaches the heights, and it is left for the newspapers to write of his brother, a distinguished footballer, with the leaded type reserved for the "great" ones.

And yet Malcolm's life is no failure. Indeed, when we leave him, there is nothing that cannot happen to him. He is married, with a child; and although wife and child mean that he cannot immediately pursue the career that his ambition had sketched out for him, all has not been lost. All of which means to say that Mr. Blake is occupied with life as it is and not as it might be. He is a most agreeable writer—with a touch which, if light, is sure. You come to know all his people surprisingly well. You come to be interested in them. And at the end of it you see that for all the "ordinariness" of his story there is a big drama lurking in the background. An excellent book.

J. Capstack

SIR JOHN MARTIN-HARVEY

Who will appear for the first time as Lesurques and Dubose in "The Lyons Mail" at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, during next week. He will later present the play at Golders Green Hippodrome and at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, prior to a London season

An Old Friend in a New Form

"Look it up in Whitaker" has long been a certain way of finding the answer to almost any question connected with everyday life and affairs. *Whitaker's Almanack* has made its appearance for 1927, but in a new form which will be found more convenient than the old one. The complete edition, sold at 6*s.*, has been rearranged, while the 3*s.* edition, which consisted of a part of the complete edition, has given place to an abridged edition of the whole almanack at the very low price of 1*s.* 6*d.* It is published from 12, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

A Winter Sports Alphabet

The book bearing the above title, in the production of which "Evoe" and Miss Joyce Dennys have collaborated, will set everybody chuckling, but especially those who have a personal knowledge of the scenes here depicted. "Evoe" is aided and abetted to the full by Miss Dennys's very clever drawings. It is just the book to console one for the end of winter sports until the next season comes round again. The publishers are Messrs. John Lane, The Bodley Head, and the price is 7*s.* 6*d.*

Childhood Verses

Lovers of verses of childhood will find a great deal of pleasure in reading *Ages an' Ages Ago*, by Victor I. Hilton. Mr. Hilton, who, by the way, sold his first verses in the streets of London, has a very delicate gift for writing verses of this kind, and his little book should find many admirers. It may be obtained from the author at 103, Amesbury Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.2.

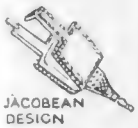
fireside comforts

FOR THE COLD WINTER NIGHTS

Never mind the cold weather, fuel is plentiful and a few puffs occasionally from a Lister Bellows will always maintain a cheerful fire—and just the thing to keep your coal and logs in is a "Fireside" Tub (with seat) or a "Coeur-de-lion," as above.

Use them yourself, and *give them as presents*—they are eminently useful and always attractive as furnishings.

JACOBEAN FIRE-SCREEN



JACOBEAN DESIGN

The MAYPOLE INN

The FIRE-SIDE

LISTER TUBS AND BELLOWS and FIRE-SCREENS

L. 260 B.

Write for our new Catalogues:—

R·A·LISTER & Co. Ltd. DURSLEY·Gloucestershire

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

A GIFT

THAT WILL SEE

The NEW YEAR IN

AND

The NEW YEAR OUT

A Year's Subscription to

THE BYSTANDER

is £3.3.0 post free from

Publisher: 6, Great New Street, E.C.4

Grafton Fur Coy.

SALE

OF

RICH FURS

commences

Monday next, January 17th, and continues for two weeks only.

French Model Moleskin Cape, with silk and Fur motifs lined silk brocade to tone.

Sale Price £29

Regular Price £65.

Similar Bargains in all Fashionable Furs.

The entire stock, including the latest models, will be offered at exceptional price reductions during the sale.

The Grafton Fur Coy., Ltd., Bond St., and Grafton St., London, W.1.

STOP YOUR TEASING

FREE SPORT

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE writer has a notion that hysterically inclined folk are not numerous in the doggy community, or among any regular readers of this journal. He notes with some interest the words: "I cannot pretend to be familiar with the journal in which these articles appear," in a letter from a correspondent who pleads "for the support of your pen in our movement to combat the Systematic Crusade against all the larger Breeds of Protective Dogs, especially the noble Alsatian. If your interest in the race is sincere I appeal to you to protect Dogs from being teased into acts of natural retaliation by evil-minded persons who seek their extinction, and so desire to rouse prejudice against them." There is more, quite a lot more, in the same queer vein. But yet, somehow, "The Kennelman's" pen seems to stick at anything in the nature of the suggested "support," for the scent seems to him to carry more than a whiff of hysteria; and that's one reason why he's not surprised to learn that this correspondent is no regular reader. If there really are these "evil-minded persons" about, their punishment may pretty safely be left to "the larger Breeds of Protective Dogs" whose representatives they are misguided enough to "tease," and the common sense of the British public will pronounce that they get no more than they deserve. The "noble Alsatian" can take pretty good care of himself, and people who are silly enough to interfere in any way, whether with a view to "teasing" or to thrusting smarmy attentions upon Dogs to whom they have *not been introduced*, must take their chance of receiving the snub they have earned, whatever form it takes. By the same token it is up to any sensible person who knows that his Dog has what the youthful Mr. Polly called a "naturally choleraic disposition" to keep that animal strictly under control in public places.

The latest Dog book to come my way is entitled *My Dog and How to Treat Him* (G. Bell and Sons: 1s. 6d.), and is by Mr. A. de Bary-Saunders. It has a preface by Mr. Basil Tozer, and—always a welcome accessory—an adequate index. Its chapter on feeding is not its best feature, and its information (as about registration fees), like some of its opinions, is hardly to be counted among predigested foods; but it's a pleasant little compilation. I hear that Messrs. Philip Allan, who published Sir George Aston's *Letters to Young Fly-Fishers*, contemplate following up that delightful guide with an authoritative volume of *Letters to Young Dog Keepers*. Written with real practical knowledge, such a work may accomplish very much for British dogdom. An entirely new Bull Terrier Handbook is being written by Mrs. D. H. Robbs, of Grove Hall, Tolleshunt Knights, Essex, and should be worth having, for the B.T. repays study, and Mrs. Robbs really has studied him.

"I can endorse all you say in praise of organised ratting with ferrets and Terriers," writes a correspondent. "It's a thoroughly sporting and most diverting form of hunt that costs nothing, and serves a most useful end. No less attractive, I can assure you, is another form of hunt in the same category, and that is mole-catching. Any sporting Terrier can be trained to it, and the training itself is great fun. You must do your stalking against wind and with great care, for the working mole has wonderful ears. Given a recently sown cornfield and one or more Terriers with decent noses and a sense of discipline, you'll not get better sport by renting a deer forest!"

"Will the Welsh Corgi become fashionable?" "The Kennelman" is not betting either way, Fashion being a whimsical lady. As a matter of fact, just as any Dog useful at the game is called a Cattle Dog in Australia, so surely with the handy Corgi in Wales—often known also as a "Heeler"—from the trick he has (in common with clever cattle Dogs the world over) of nipping at a beast's heels, and then lying very low for a moment to avoid punishment. I suppose the average Corgi might be said to approximate to thick-set Terrier type, with a coat more nearly resembling the smooth Collie's, and of all the colours known to lurchers, for example.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

RISKS AT BRIDGE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

I ONCE heard a very solemn player announce that he never "took risks" at Bridge. I think the little tricky, freaky gods of Chance must have been listening and laughing at him, for the very next hand—this is a fact—he called "One Spade," was doubled, and went down 300 points. He held S—A, K, 9, 5, 3; H—J, 4, 2; D—A, K, 2; C—Q, 2. This was in the days before the Informatory American Doubles.

Even the most conservative "stonewall" caller will agree that this was a sound and proper bid of "One Spade." It was bad luck that the caller found his partner trickless and his left-hand opponent with six Spades to the Queen, Jack, ten, and a big No-Trumper against him. He made only his Ace, King of Spades, and Ace, King of Diamonds.

. . . . .

The truth is that it is absurd to talk about taking no risks at Bridge. Apart from those rare, cast-iron hands when we can count precisely every trick we can make, there is no such thing as a certainty. Every bid is made on probability and on the presumption that one's partner is not absolutely trickless. If you have seven of a suit to the Ace, King, Queen, it is long odds on you dropping the adverse trumps in three rounds. But there is always the possibility you may find six to the Jack massed against you in one hand.

If you always fear the worst and imagine that you will find the most unfavourable disposition of the cards, it is certain that you will not win at Bridge. I know a man who, after a long spell of ill-luck, got into this frame of mind. "If I held thirteen Hearts," he said bitterly, "I am positive one of my opponents would hold thirteen Spades."

Well, when you begin to feel like that you had better give up Bridge for a time. The point to recognise is that, while one must always take risks, one should distinguish between legitimate risks and those that are foolhardy and reckless. There is such a thing as asking for trouble, and at Bridge, as in life, when you ask for it you generally get it "in the neck." The player who will go on with his suit after his partner has warned him by a switch that he has no support is the most common example.

. . . . .

Then there is the partner who, terrified because you are doubled, rushes to the "rescue" with some ridiculous suit in which you are short or bare, and the player who will take you out of a perfectly good No-Trumper into a bad major suit because he is short in a minor of which you hold six to the quart major.

And, of course, there is the incorrigible "flag-flier" who is always taking monstrous risks to "save the game" even when the game is not in danger. Almost as bad is the player who will go up to any lengths in the minor suits because you have once supported him.

. . . . .

If you gamble at Bridge, and we all like to take a sporting chance now and again, gamble for something worth while. I hate to see my partner go down 200 or 300 at love score on a risky call of 4 Clubs or 4 Diamonds. If he had got them he would not have made game.

But I can forgive a flutter in No Trumps or a major suit which, if it comes off, results in game. When you make up your mind deliberately to take risks be sure that they are risks worth taking.

Mustard for the Bath

Not only to ward off colds in winter but at any time, and particularly after hard outdoor exercise, there is nothing to beat a couple of tablespoonfuls of Mustard in your bath. Nothing else produces quite the same effect; at the same time it soothes the nerves and stimulates the body

This attractive tin in which Colman's Bath Mustard can now be obtained should find a place in every well-appointed bathroom

Colman's Bath Mustard is also to be had in cartons (each sufficient for one bath) as well as in the decorated tin.

J. & J. COLMAN, LTD. - - NORWICH

BY MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL

"If you should see our Muvver at the pictures,
Say Baby's ate the shilling for the gas!"

FEMINA

USING EVERY INCH

By MRS. M. VINCE

We seem to be coming nearer and nearer to that ideal of simplicity and compactness in houses—the snail's shell. I have just seen a flat which, except that the inhabitants do not actually carry it about with them, comes as near the shell-ideal in human habitations as anything I have ever seen. It is a shell—but with electric light and all the other conveniences.

It has three good-sized rooms, a hall, a space with a window at one end, which by courtesy is called a room, but in size is little more than a wide passage, and a flight of nine stairs, for two of the rooms are on a higher level than the others. The problem was to get four people into it so that they could not only sleep and eat and work in comfort, but cook and even have baths.

The schoolmen of the Middle Ages debated how many angels could stand on the point of a needle. A later, more material age wondered how to get a quart into a pint pot. No satisfactory answer has ever been found to either problem. But this problem of getting four people into that little flat, with their furniture and other possessions, seemed almost as insoluble.

The three rooms were the simplest part of the problem, for it is quite easy now to make rooms work twenty-four hours in the day, and turn them from day-use to night-use and back again. Two of the rooms in this flat are bedrooms by night, with wardrobe-beds which fold up against the wall, so that by day one becomes a sitting-room and the other a nursery. But while it was easy to do that, the difficulty with this flat, as with all flats, even those of fair size, was the difficulty of storing things. It was here that the real ingenuity was shown, the passages used, and not an inch of space allowed to be idle.

The small hall plays three parts. It is not only the hall, but the library and the larder. Bookshelves, with nearly a thousand books, stand all along one side of it, and a broad shelf above the door, with the fanlight to air it, holds the perishable foods.

One can make something of passages and halls, but to most people stairs are stairs and nothing more. Yet even here the small flight of stairs has been made to do its share. It is broad enough for three people to go up abreast. As a matter of fact, except on ceremonial occasions, one goes up and down stairs by oneself. More than half the space of these stairs therefore would be wasted if nothing had been done with them. That would never do. So one half has been turned into a sort of annexe to the bedrooms, simply by putting up three wooden platforms, each carrying a chest of drawers. Thus on one side there are the ordinary stairs, on the other three tiers of chests of drawers. In this way, by making the hall and staircase do their share, it has been possible to avoid the chief mistake in very small flats, the mistake of overfilling the rooms so that everything is in them except space for the inhabitants themselves.

But it is in the little passage-room that the space has been used to the last inch. This small place has been made to do the work of five rooms—bathroom, box-room, kitchen, pantry and scullery. The end by the window—just as much as will take the length of a bath—has been shut off with a partition of frosted glass, and above the bath is a small gas-boiler which gives boiling water in a few seconds. The remainder of this little room is kitchen, pantry and scullery, with a deep shelf above the door which makes a box-room where several trunks and suitcases can be stored.

In the kitchen itself there is just space enough in the middle for the cook to work, with pantry, cupboards, sink, shelves, table and cooking-stove round her. Rather, one should say cooking-stoves, for this midget of a kitchen has no fewer than three arrangements for cooking. It has, first, a small cooker, with shelves beneath, which, with one gas-ring, can cook the whole of a small dinner, roasting, baking, boiling, steaming and frying at the same time. It has also a hay-box, and it has a hot-plate cooker. The small sink has a detachable draining-board, which can be removed when not in use and fastened to the side of the sink, where it takes up no room. Finally, this kitchen even has a chair which, when not wanted, is hung up out of the way on the wall.

At that unhappy moment when everything was arriving, when nothing was in its right place, and when there did not seem a place for a quarter of the things, it seemed an insoluble problem to get them all in and arranged. But once they were in, it took the inhabitants very little time to accustom themselves to the ingenuities of the flat; and now there is room in it for everything.

BACK IN HARNESS *Frank Davis*

Miss Edna Davies, who has returned to the cast of "The Ghost Train" after being away for some weeks owing to illness. This highly successful "thriller," which is running at the Garrick Theatre, has passed its 500th performance and is still going strong

MISS MARY STANLEY *Pollard Crowther*

Who is playing in "The Windmill Man," the children's play which has again been revived at the Victoria Palace. Miss Stanley, who takes the part of the Queen, has in the past understudied Miss Athene Seyler and Miss Margaret Bannerman and has had much experience in repertory

UP ON THE HILLS

A Wolseley 12-22 h.p. touring car photographed on the hills above the Manifold Valley. The range in the background is the famous entrance to Dovedale

MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

WHETHER one is the owner of a fast car, a slow car, or no car at all, one is always interested in the attainment of prodigious speeds. While records according to the size of engine are of interest to the technically minded, it is the fastest speeds, irrespective of size, which excite public interest. During 1927 there is every possibility that the world's records for the mile and the kilometre will be raised considerably. At the time of writing two doughty champions have definitely entered the lists, and one has already made his first attempt. This is Capt. Malcolm Campbell, who tried out his monster Napier-Campbell at Pendine Sands recently, when it was found that the power of the mighty Napier-Lion aero engine was too much for the specially constructed gear box. The car has therefore returned to its stable for the necessary improvements to be carried out. On its first run, however, it gave every promise of attaining record speed.

***

AN attempt will be made later in the year by Major H. O. D. Segrave on a very special racing car which is being constructed at the Wolverhampton works of the Sunbeam Motor Car Co., Ltd. The innumerable successes of racing cars produced in the past under the control of Mr. Louis Coatalen and driven by Major H. O. D. Segrave would suggest that the new monster will put up some startling performances. Such colossal speeds are expected from the car that Major Segrave has decided to take the car to America, as no stretch of track suitable for such a car can be found in this hemisphere. The car will be fitted with two 500 h.p. engines of modified aero design, one mounted in the normal position and one at the tail of the machine. These engines will be connected rigidly together and will then drive through the normal type of clutch and gear box. Careful experiments have been carried out with models to secure the most efficient streamlining, but as a speed of 200 m.p.h. is hoped for, it is possible that many new lessons will be learnt by the much experienced driver! The expedition will sail about the middle of February.

***

THE tyre question is of interest to all motorists, and the lower the price of tyres the cheaper motoring will be. At the present moment tyres are most probably cheaper than they have ever been, but it is difficult to find any commercial reason for this fact. The cause of the low prices is to be found rather in a fair-sized price war which is taking place between foreign and British manufacturers. The former are making a strong attempt to capture the British market, and the outward and visible sign of this attempt is to be found in successive price cuts. The British manufacturer has no alternative but to reduce the price of his tyres in proportion. It is difficult to see how far this war will proceed, but now is obviously the time at which to purchase, as there is little doubt that when hostilities have ceased tyres will be more expensive.

***

THE purchaser of a first-rate chassis obviously requires a first-rate body. There are only a few names which occur to the mind when thinking of superfine bodies, and one which has come into great prominence recently is that of Thrupp and Maberley, Ltd., who are now occupying new showrooms in Devonshire House. I have just received a copy of their latest catalogue, which is a wonderful work of art. Large size illustrations of the various Thrupp and Maberley bodies as fitted to Rolls-Royce chassis are reproduced by an entirely new colour process. Opposite each portrayal of the complete car is an accurate line drawing of particular features in the body design. Any Bystander who is in search of a first-rate body should apply for a copy of this catalogue.

***

THE three-litre six-cylinder Sunbeam is in a class by itself. It is a car which was specially designed from stem to stern in order to give the maximum speed on the road, and to combine with this desirable feature the comfort and controllability of the touring type. A recent trial of the latest model proved to me how successful the makers have been in combining these two usually opposed features. The engine is constructed on racing lines with two overhead camshafts, two carburetters, and the dry sump system of lubrication. One would anticipate great power and high speeds from such an engine, but one would scarcely expect a wide range of flexibility and good pulling at low speeds. Nevertheless, this has been secured in the Sunbeam, with the result that it is by no means an exhausting car to drive in traffic. Although capable of 90 m.p.h. on the level, it can be driven perfectly smoothly at 20 m.p.h. on top gear.

***

ON a long distance straight away run the three-litre Sunbeam is one of the most fascinating cars I have handled. It has a comfortable cruising speed of from 45 to 50 m.p.h. in which very little throttle is employed, and there is scarcely a murmur from the exhaust. A small increase of the throttle is all that is necessary for most main road hills, but if the driver is a lover of the gear lever some surprising speeds can be secured on the lower gears. The springing is remarkably good for a fast car; in fact, at low speeds, where the sports car usually fails, the Sunbeam is almost as comfortable as a touring car of the same size.

***

ONE of the greatest and most exacting motor car reliability tests ever carried out took place recently over a 1,340 miles course from Sydney to the Queensland border and back. Six special competitions were organised during the ten days' trial, and five of these—the second hill-climb, the flying half-mile, the acceleration test, the slow-running test, and the flexibility trial—were won by a 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall Velox. In the other event the Vauxhall was second.

THROUGH THE WATER

A 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall "Wensum" successfully fording an Australian river. The photograph was taken near Buigara in New South Wales

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

OWNERS' OPINIONS CONCERNING THE 40/50 H.P. NEW PHANTOM

'Absolute perfection of motor craftsmanship.' *Reference No. 979*

'Undoubtedly the finest car in the world.' *Reference No. 971*

'In this latest model you have by far excelled anything you ever made before.' *Reference No. 985*

'It is a costly business experimenting with other cars, only to come in the end to purchase a *Phantom*.' *Reference No. 968*

Rolls-Royce Limited are always willing to advise intending purchasers of Rolls-Royce cars on any question relating to the disposal of their existing cars.

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED, 14-15 CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

Telegrams: Rolhead Piccy London Telephone: Mayfair 6040 (4 lines)

H.M. THE KING

H.M. THE QUEEN

HOOPER & CO. (Coachbuilders), LTD.

AGENTS FOR ALL LEADING MOTOR CARS.

Motor-Body-Builders and Coachbuilders to
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
By Royal Warrant of appointment.
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARY, Viscountess Lascelles.
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

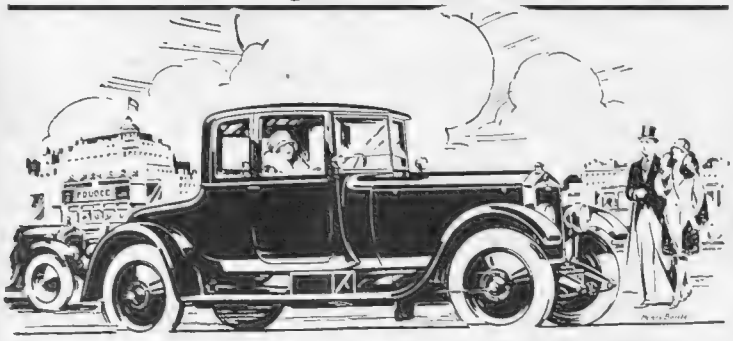
54, ST. JAMES'S ST., PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.1.

H.M. THE LATE QUEEN ALEXANDRA

H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES.

Kennington Service.

Pre-eminent among the World's Finest Cars.



WHEN you take your first ride in a Lanchester Car you will know why it is that Lanchester owners enjoy the best that motoring has to offer. You will admire their judgment and appreciate the reasons which prompted their choice. A trial run commits you to nothing but a new motoring experience; will you make an appointment? A demonstration car is always available.

Dunlop Tyres Standard.

The "Lanchester" is built in two sizes: a 40 h.p. 6-cylinder Car, and a smaller 6-cylinder model of 21 h.p., designed on similar lines. The Car illustrated here is an example from the 21 h.p. range, a Coupe with coach-built head. It looks a two-seater—actually it will accommodate five. Catalogues and photographs on demand.

Lanchester Cars

Armourer Mills, Birmingham. | 95, New Bond Street, London, W.1 | 88, Deansgate, Manchester.

Let a British Car reflect your Pride of Ownership.

Seedsmen by Appointment.

THE NEW CATALOGUE *for* 1927

OUR choice strains of Vegetables, Flowers, etc., represent the highest possible standard of quality and productivity. We specially direct readers' attention to the important matter of quality in Vegetables on page 1 of the new Catalogue. A Special Section is devoted to Lawns.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR THE NEW AND ENLARGED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

Carters TESTED SEEDS

Seedsmen to H.M. The King,

RAYNES PARK, LONDON, S.W.20

Army Club

The Cigarette that Set a Standard.

For Conservatives the Carlton Club; for Liberals the Reform; for Bishops the Athenæum; for Actors the Garrick; and so on. But all ranks are united in their attachment to the one Club which caters for the entire population, namely, Army Club.

20 *for* 1/-

Plain or Cork Tipped.

The Major

CAVANDERS LTD. (ESTABLISHED 1775)

SENSITIVE THROAT

A Source of Continual Worry

There will be no need to deny yourself the pleasure of 'another cigarette' if you cultivate the habit of taking an "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille after smoking.

Just slip one in your mouth—pleasantly refreshing, the delicious properties of black currant quickly soothe the delicate membranes of the throat.

One at bedtime, too, stops that 'tickling' and keeps the mouth clear and fresh till morning.

Your Chemist stocks them.

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing:

2 oz. - 8d.
4 oz. - 1/3
8 oz. - 2/3
1 lb. - 4/3

Allenburys *Glycerine & Black Currant* PASTILLES

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,
37 Lombard Street, London. E.C. 3

FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

Lister, of Dursley, are responsible for the tankard, the wine bottle and flower pot. They really are most attractive

JANUARY is a month replete with varied interests, both at home and abroad; one scarcely seems to be doing the same thing two days together, what with sales, hunt balls, shoots, etc.

From the Sensible to the Sublime

HISTORY is repeating itself in many directions in the cause of handicraft. And for artistic indoor furniture there is, in its way, nothing more beautiful, artistic, and pleasing to the eye than Lister's Cooper Craft, for which a Gloucestershire firm, established in Dursley in 1867, stands sponsor. It is impossible to detail the hundreds of charming pieces offered, some merely decorative, others practical. Of the last-named order is the "Settledown," a comfortable fireside seat, shown at the right-hand side of the adjoined group.

Although merely ornamental in these days of electricity, the Lister people find a ready sale for their bellows, authentic copies of old designs. The example depicted is the Burns Cottage Alloway, expressed in mahogany and red leather, or in oak and antique leather. To these supremely attractive reproductions the firm devotes an exclusive illustrated booklet, a folder revealing smaller trifles such as a spill vase, the Fairfax; the Malmesbury jug or tankard; the Cavalier antique wine bottle.

Original Suggestions for Xantha

THE lure of silk, whether real or artificial, has reached a vantage point that nothing will ever dislodge. Xantha, of course, is a Courtauld artificial silk. Its washing qualities are unique, provided the instructions given are closely followed, these comprising soft warm water, soap guiltless of soda, very gentle rubbing, and ironing when slightly damp. Illustrating the many uses to which Xantha can be put, our artist has designed and pictured a pair of straight cami-knickers, the opera camisole top trimmed Malines lace, a set she completes by a night-dress mounted on to a yoke of lace.

Quite Simple

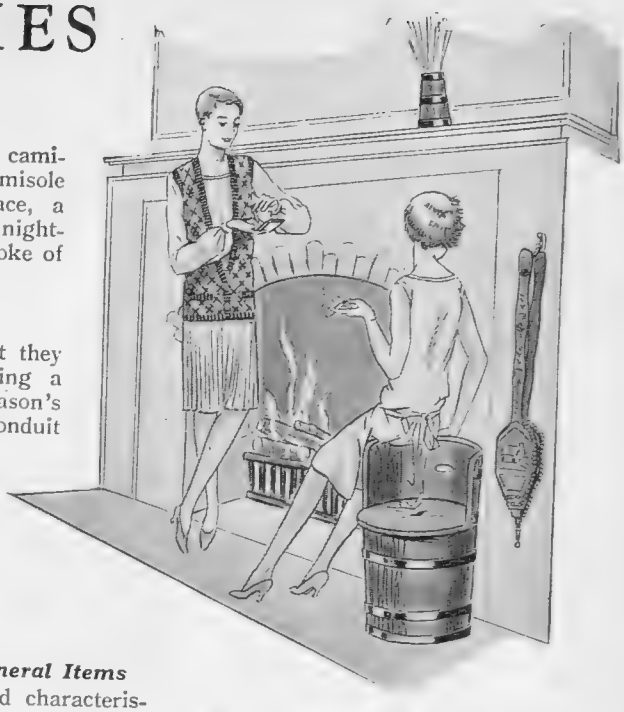
IN view of the fact that they are desirous of making a certain clearance of season's stock, Elverys, 31, Conduit Street, W., have followed the simple procedure of allowing a liberal discount. Thus all their cloth garments carry a 25 per cent. discount, and rubber goods 15 per cent.

Particulars of a Few General Items

PECULIARLY its own, and characteristic, is the sale now in progress at Liberty's, Regent Street. As the clearance mainly concerns the dispersal of surplus stock, odd lengths, trial pieces, remnants, etc., no catalogue has been issued. But the fine standard value of the goods ensures a satisfactory result, whether an early or late visit be paid. An offer that claims attention is five thousand dress lengths of floral voiles, lawns, and *crêpe* for 7s. 6d. each.

An Inexhaustible Source

THE only trouble at the bi-annual sales held by D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, W., is to know where to begin—and end; the offerings are as multifarious in character as they are sound in value. So, to take a short, sharp dip into the stream, it is to find the millinery, as ever, one of the most seductive temptations. At 12s. 11d. there are three modish models of the new high, squashed crown, down turned brim felt hats, trimmed ready to wear with petersham ribbon. For matrons a delightful range of choice stands at 21s. 9d. For the coming spring a charming hand-blocked fancy straw in a range of colours, including the fashionable mulberry, is to be had for 12s. 6d.



There is much to please in this "Settledown" fireside seat, as well as in the bellows of antique design. They come from Lister's, of Dursley, Gloucestershire

Fifty per Cent. Reduction all Round

THIS is the simple, straightforward proposition at the City Fur Stores, St. Paul's Churchyard, and one they propose to continue throughout the month of January. Apart from the fact that the worst of the winter is still before us, here is an opportunity for acquiring furs at literally half-price—a generous enough offer. The following are a few examples: coats 44 inches long, of mink-dyed goat, finished with handsome collar and cuffs of sable-dyed coney, extremely rich and effective in appearance, are to go at 18 guineas; full-length coney coats at 12½ guineas, and beaver coney models for 16 guineas.

Standard Quality Linens and Damasks

IT is wholly superfluous to praise at this date this class of goods as manufactured by Robinson and Cleaver, The Linen House, Regent Street, for all the world knows their sound worth. During the coming month the usual clearance is being pursued, and an abundance of offerings made in all that pertains to the house. Thirty per cent. under list prices are some 200 dozen linen double damask dinner napkins. These are discontinued designs in three qualities, respectively priced

It is of Xantha that these garments are destined to be made. It is a ladderproof fabric made from Courtauld's artificial silk

Sketches by Helen Havers

at 20s., 31s. 3d., and 36s. the dozen. In these days of polished dinner tables such dinner napkins represent a valuable and wise purchase. Many appreciable reductions occur in damask table-cloths, still largely in use for breakfast and lunch; a number of these embodying the favourite circular centre design.

Nothing Spared and Everything Good

One of the first early spring possessions to be considered is a well-tailored coat and skirt; which the wise buy at the sales. Now there is no more reliable source for smart ready-to-wear models than Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, who offer a suit in fine quality suiting, the coat double-breasted and lined silk, at the give-away price of 98s. 6d. As is well known, this house is exceptionally up to date in model gowns, so it is important to chronicle that among the bargains going in this *galerie* are two dance toilettes, arranged with the new skirts that take a deep dip at the back. One of blue shot taffetas, embroidered in silver beads and threads, once valued at 50 guineas, is marked down to 35 guineas.

Fur Hats

Messrs. Battersby & Co., Ltd., of London and Stockport, have presented to the New Zealand section of the Imperial Institute an interesting exhibit of the process by which they make their renowned felt hats. Good quality felt hats are made chiefly from rabbits' fur, and first we see the rabbit skin, cured, but otherwise untouched, as it arrives from New Zealand. Then we see the fur combed and dressed before being detached from the skin, and it is cleaned by a blowing machine which clears out all the dust, dirt, woolly and coarse matter. Then, by addition of chemical fluids and boiling, it is made into a pulpy substance which is ultimately hardened, shrunk, pressed, and shaped into the soft and hard felt hats that are to be seen in Bond Street and in New Zealand. It is an interesting fact that Messrs. Battersby & Co. export some 30,000 hats to New Zealand annually.

MR. DONALD MATHESON

The Deputy General Manager (Scotland) of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, who retired at the end of last year. Mr. Matheson has seen thirty-five years' railway service, being for many years General Manager of the Caledonian Railway

A Diary for Gourmets

For some years past the management of the Trocadero Restaurant have given their patrons on New Year's Eve a copy of *The Gourmet's Year*, a very neat little diary, with a suitable gastronomic quotation for each day of the year. The edition for 1927, like its predecessors, has been compiled by Mr. T. Michael Pope and makes reading that is always interesting, always amusing and, in some cases, very useful.

A Sports Handbook

The Royal Navy and Royal Marine Sports Handbook, 1927, although intended primarily for use in the Services mentioned in its title, contains a great deal of valuable information for all organisers of sports. The rules of the different games, competitions, etc., are very clearly set out, and in many cases are accompanied by excellent diagrams. The book also contains a complete record of Royal Naval and Royal Marine sports records in recent years. It is published by the R.N. and R.M. Sports Control Board at the Admiralty.

Real Estate in 1926

Messrs. Harrods Ltd., of Brompton Road, S.W., have published an interesting review of their property mart, entitled "Real Estate in 1926." This report on the business done during 1926 by Messrs. Harrods Estate Department makes fascinating reading, and even the "strike month" of May was quickly recovered from, and Messrs. Harrods Estate Department boomed in a most satisfactory manner. Everyone who is thinking of buying property or who is interested in real estate should study this review carefully, as it is packed with information about houses and property in the country, seaside, and London itself, while it specialises in flats of all sizes.

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

HEAD OFFICES:
45, Dale Street, LIVERPOOL.
155, Leadenhall Street, LONDON, E.C.3

MOTOR INSURANCE A SPECIALITY.

CHIEF ADMINISTRATION:
7, Chancery Lane, W.C.2

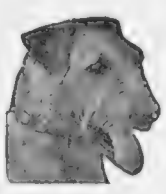
CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP
CLEANS CARPETS LIKE NEW
EASILY DONE AT HOME. 9d BALL.
Sold Everywhere. Sample, 2d. Stamp.
CHIVERS, 74, Albany Works, BATH.

DON'T TAKE ASPIRIN!
Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets
(The New and Wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment)
are guaranteed to be
Safer, Quicker, and More Effective, and contain more Vitamin B than other products.
Send for free descriptive treatise on Fevers, Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds, Liver, Kidneys, Constipation, Anæmia, Nerves, Indigestion, Biliousness, Depression.
Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If unsatisfactory post us empty bottle and we will refund money.
Irving's YEAST-VITE Laboratories, "Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.1.

"Keeps the Hair Young"
EVAN WILLIAMS
Henna Shampoo-
ORDINARY for Dark Hair
4D
CAMOMILE for Fair Hair

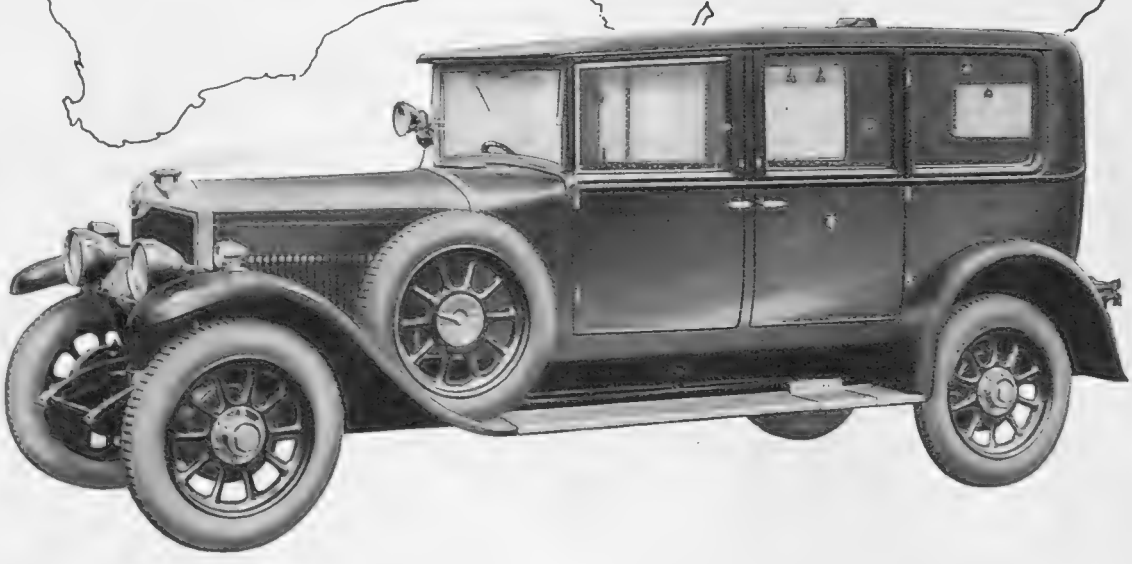
EASTBOURNE.
QUEEN'S HOTEL
Facing South, and directly overlooking the sea. 200 Rooms, including many
BATHROOM—BEDROOMS and SUITES.
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.
Moderate Charges. Inclusive or a la carte.
EXTENSIVE GARAGE IN HOTEL GROUNDS

Health from the Pyrenees
A NATURAL remedy is worth far more than any artificially prepared medicine in the treatment of gout, rheumatism, dyspepsia and intestinal troubles. This is the reason the well-known home and foreign spas are invariably full.
RUBINAT-LLORACH
NATURAL APERIENT WATER
is Nature's own preparation from the celebrated mountain springs. It brings the spa cure to your own home. A small wineglassful is the daily dose. Prices 1/6, 2/3 and 3/6.
Of all good chemists and stores, or from
EVERETT & CO., 106, Fenchurch St., E.C.3



Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S PEDIGREE
AIREDALES
Best protection against burglars.
ABERDEENS, CAIRNS, WEST HIGHLAND, WIRE FOX, SEALYHAMS.
From 10 Gns. Pups 5 Gns.
Clock House, Byfleet (Station, Weybridge), Surrey.
Tel.: Byfleet, 274

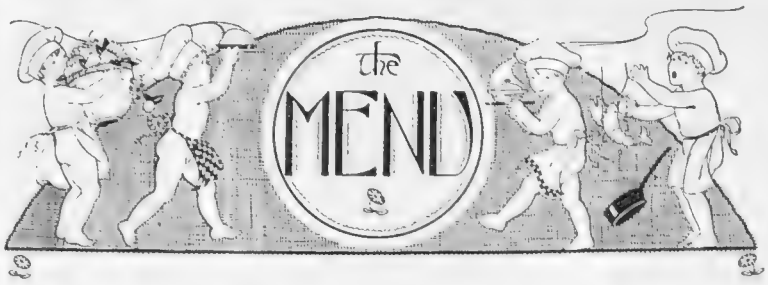
ANNOUNCING THAT THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES The DUKE and DUCHESS of YORK and STAFF will use CROSSLEY CARS throughout their AUSTRALIAN and NEW ZEALAND TOURS



Crossley

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD.,
GORTON, MANCHESTER.
London Showrooms & Export Department:
20, Conduit Street, W.1.

THE 18/50 h.p. Crossley Six-cylinder Enclosed Limousine illustrated above is for the personal use of Their Royal Highnesses The Duke and Duchess of York. Twelve Crossley six-cylinder cars are to be used during the Australian Tour and seven during the New Zealand Tour.



Home-made Sweets for the Holidays

MARRONS GLACÉS.
FRENCH ALMOND ROCK.
YORKSHIRE TOFFEE.
BRANDY SNAPS OR JUMBLES.
NOUGAT.

Marrons Glacés

REMOVE the outer and inner skins of some good chestnuts by putting them into boiling water; do not break the chestnuts. Boil 1 lb. of castor sugar in half a pint of water, and keep it boiling for a minute, put the chestnuts into this, and let them boil slowly till they become semi-transparent, then take them out and put them aside on a sieve to cool. Leave them there for at least 12 hours. Then impale each chestnut on a wooden skewer and immerse it in a candy sugar boiled to what is called "feather" sugar, which is practically boiling point. Squeeze the juice of a lemon into the feather sugar, and dip the chestnuts one by one into it, giving them a very thin coating all over, so that they look shiny and glistening. When they are fairly dry put them into paper cases, which have been rubbed over with a little butter so that they do not stick to the sides.

French Almond Rock

Put 1 lb. of loaf or castor sugar into a pan with one teacupful of water, stir till the sugar is melted, take off the scum and, when it has boiled for a quarter of an hour, add one tablespoonful of vinegar or lemon juice. Stir in sliced or blanched almonds to taste. Pour on a buttered tin, and cut in slices.

Yorkshire Toffee

Quarter of a pound of butter, one tablespoonful of treacle, one teacupful of water, one pound of Demerara sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil all together about 20 minutes, and then turn out on a buttered dish.

Brandy Snaps or Jumbles

Half a pound of treacle, ½ lb. of flour, ½ oz. of ginger, 10 oz. of sugar, 2 oz. of butter. Mix them all well together, then drop in small portions on a greased tin and, when done, curl round a greased rolling-pin or stick. Draw off when cold.

Nougat

A slow fire, or gas burner turned down rather low, for this. Put in a pan ½ lb. of castor or granulated sugar dry, no water. When melted throw in some blanched sweet almonds and a few bitter ones, thoroughly dried and chopped into rough dice. Stir all together, and turn out on a buttered dish. Work it a little, then roll flat with a greasy rolling-pin. Cut in shapes.

EMILIA.

THE BYSTANDER

6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C.4. *Telephone: Central 7511*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

For 12 months (*Including Christmas Number*)		For 6 months		For 3 months	
U. K.	£3 3 0	U. K.	£1 11 0	U. K. .	15s. 9d.
CANADA ..	£3 1 0	CANADA ..	£1 10 6	CANADA	15s. 3d.
ABROAD ..	£3 7 6	ABROAD ..	£1 13 9	ABROAD ..	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

THE "SPORTING" BÉRET

ROBERT HEATH'S Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest speciality for Motoring, Golf, etc. Small appearance and very close fitting with tiny adaptable brim.

In their well-known absolutely waterproof and unspottable velvet, in Black, and also a variety of 32 art shades, to order in 4 days.

Price **37/6**

A selection of beautifully hand made natural Feather Bird models, comprising Wild Duck, Pheasant, Grouse, Partridge, Jay, Snipe, Parrot, etc. Price **15/-** each extra.

New Illustrated Catalogue on application post free.

ROBERT HEATH
Of Knightsbridge.

ONLY ADDRESS
37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

Liverish People Need Vichy-Célestins

IN the famous Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water, Nature supplies just those salts and other mineral elements which repel liverish tendencies.

Vichy-Célestins is a natural orderly which helps the liver to function normally. Its gentle stimulating effect is welcomed in all cases of sluggishness. It clears the blood-stream from all impurities.

Vichy-Célestins is very pleasant to the taste, and may be taken at meals either alone or mixed with light wines or spirits.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water

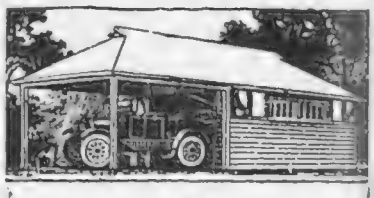
VICHY-CÉLESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1.

VICHY ETAT



A GENUINE GARAGE *BUILT TO LAST*

Don't let "just a garage" be your governing thought in buying. Be careful. Remember that it should be well-built to give lasting satisfaction, not just hastily put together to cause repair expenses later. There is one safe way to buy, a way that gives every assurance. Buy a Browne & Lilly garage. By this name you are certain of best materials, soundest workmanship, and of highest excellence at lowest cost. Browne & Lilly's quality buildings are inexpensive because of huge facilities and standardised methods.

The Model Garage shown priced from £44 : 9 : 0.

Write for our 104-page Free Illustrated Catalogue showing many types of Motor Houses, Chalets, Bungalows, etc.

Browne & Lilly Ltd

BETTER-BUILT GARAGES,
Manufacturers and Exporters,
THAMES SIDE, READING.

THE
BYSTANDER
6, Great New Street, London, E.C.4. Phone: Central 7511

No. 1,204—Vol. XCIII. Wednesday, January 12, 1927 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: Regent 7500.
Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London."

HAMPTON & SONS,
20, ST. JAMES' SQUARE, S.W.1.

Branches: Wimbledon 'Phone 80, Hampstead 'Phone 2727

SOUTH DEVON.

NEAR NEWTON ABBOT AND 20 MINUTES BY CAR FROM TORQUAY.

PRETTY LITTLE MODERN RESIDENCE, on high ground and facing south hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; garage.

Company's water. Petrol gas.

Tennis lawn, kitchen garden, in all about

ONE ACRE.

Golf, hunting, and fishing in the district.

FREEHOLD, £2,500.

HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (C.32,997.)

FREEHOLD AT A REDUCED PRICE.

SOUTH DEVON COAST.

REMARKABLY FINE POSITION AT SIDMOUTH.

About 200 ft. up, with extensive views.

NICE MODERN RESIDENCE, with drive, and standing in grounds of about 1 acre; Entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.

Electric light. Central heating. Company's water. Main drainage.

LAWN, FLOWER AND KITCHEN GARDEN, Etc.

—HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (C.38,949.)

HERTFORDSHIRE HEIGHTS.

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD.

10 minutes Boxmoor Station. Excellent train service.

Easy reach of Golf Course.

FOR SALE, A COMFORTABLE MODERN RESIDENCE, containing 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, and usual offices.

Company's water, gas, electric light. Telephone.

Attractive laid out grounds include croquet lawn.

PRICE FREEHOLD £2,250.

OPEN TO OFFER.

HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (R.360a.)

In much-sought-after district of

WITLEY, SURREY.

Easy reach of Two Stations.

FOR SALE, MODERN BIJOU RESIDENCE in well-matured grounds of about an acre; entrance hall, lounge and drawing room, dining room, spacious loggia, 4 bedrooms, bathroom. Southerly aspect.

Electric light. Gas. Company's water.
Central heating. Constant hot water.

Brick and tiled garage, croquet lawn, kitchen garden, orchard, etc.

Inspected and recommended by:

—HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (S.33,414a.)

Splendid position, 600 ft. above sea level.

BUCKS.

BETWEEN CHESHAM AND TRING.

FOR SALE, a well-built COUNTRY HOUSE, approached by a drive: 2 reception and 6 bedrooms, bathroom (hot and cold).

Own electric light plant. Septic tank drainage.

Two garages and outbuildings.

Lawns, flower gardens, orchard and kitchen garden; in all

NEARLY 3 ACRES.

—HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (B.38,784.)

Grey Hair

Inecto makes its very distinctive appeal as a hair recolourative in the light of its capacity to dispel greyness of the hair and achieve precisely the colour, texture and tone of Nature itself. A solitary treatment taking 30 minutes affords permanent results.

INECTO

SALONS:
15 North Audley St.
'Phone: Mayfair 3046
32 Dover Street
'Phone: Regent 7931
LONDON, W.1

Furs on Deferred Terms

To meet the convenience of our clients during the present financial depression, we have arranged that any purchase may, if desired, be paid for in 12 equal monthly payments. Only 5% is added to ordinary cash prices.

Illustrated Catalogue post free on request.

THE NATIONAL FUR COMPANY LTD.,
Fur Specialists since 1878.
193, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3
Branches at Leicester, Cardiff, Swansea and Carmarthen.

Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., Estd.
Distillers —— LEITH. 1863.

Second Week of Quality Bargains at

WOOLLANDS

K. 11.—Special Sale Offer. White Silk and Merino **Vests,** with Ribbon Shoulder Straps or with low neck and no sleeves. All sizes. Usual Price 15/11

Sale Price **10/11**

Also in Chemise Length. Usual price 18/11

Sale Price **12/11**

Wonderful Bargains in Woven Wool Knickers and Vests (as sketch K. 101).

75 dozen Ladies' soft Woven Wool **Knickers** (best Hawick make), close fitting, with ribbed waist and knees Ideal for present fashion. In Black, White, and 20 of the newest colours Three sizes: Slender Women's, Women's, and O.S. Usual Price 15/11.

Sale Price **10/11**

The most comfortable and useful Knickers for present wear.

K. 101.—Extremely useful Slip-over **Spencer,** made of delightfully soft Merino. Very light but warm. In Women's and Outsize.

Sale Prices: Short sleeves,

8/11

Long sleeves, **9/11**

L.V. 333

L.V. 333.—New Georgette Wrap, a becoming and smart Model, bordered with soft Tissue and trimmed with Metal Lace the long open Sleeve is caught together with folds of the Tissue. In Black, Black and Gold, Black and Oxidised.

Sale Price **59/6**

WOOLLAND BROS. LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1
(Opposite Hyde Park Hotel)

Telegrams: "Estate," c/o Harrods, London.

HARRODS (LTD.)

Telephones: { Sloane 1231 Byfleet 149

ESTATE AGENTS 62 & 64, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W., and at West Byfleet. AUCTIONEERS.

SUNNINGDALE.

PICTURESQUE HOUSE, occupying a good position, and with the accommodation on two floors; 3 reception rooms, cloak room, 7 bed and dressing rooms (all fitted with lavatory basins, hot and cold), and bathroom, good offices.

Company's water. Radiators. Electric light. Modern drainage. Garage.

Grounds, with some fine old trees.

4 ACRES IN ALL, including paddock.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

N. FINCHLEY.

TWO FLOORS. SPLENDID ORDER.

£2,250 FREEHOLD. CHOICELY SITUATED RESIDENCE; high ground; near station, 'bus routes, shops.

Hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, customary offices.

Electric light. Garage space.

Pretty, well-stocked garden.

EARLY POSSESSION.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

RENT £130 P.A. NO PREMIUM.

MITCHAM COMMON.

CHARMING HOUSE, on two floors, quite secluded, in about ¾ of an ACRE.

7 bed and dressing, bath, 3 reception rooms, offices.

Electric light. Gas. Constant hot water. Telephone.

Space for garage tennis and other lawns kitchen garden.

Inspected and recommended.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

20 MILES SOUTH.

CHARACTER RESIDENCE, modernised and installed with *electric light, company's water, central heating, and other conveniences.*

Lounge hall, 2 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, offices.

Tudor fireplaces, oak beams, panelling and other quaint features.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED GROUNDS.

Tennis and croquet lawns, herbaceous borders, rose and kitchen garden; in all

ABOUT 1¼ ACRE.

Five-roomed cottage, outbuildings.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

10 MILES NORTH.

Picked position on high ground. Near Golf Links.

EXCEPTIONAL IN EVERY DETAIL.

Erected for owner's occupation.

UNUSUALLY WELL-APPOINTED RESIDENCE. Panelled walls, oak staircase, hot water radiators in each room.

Electric light and power, telephone, constant hot water.

Spacious lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms fitted onyx stone basins (hot and cold), dressing-room, tiled bathroom; double garage, heated.

DELIGHTFUL TIMBERED GROUNDS OF 1 ACRE.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

BARGAIN PRICE OF £2,500, FREEHOLD.

BECKENHAM.

Under 5 minutes from Fox Grove Golf Links.

CHARMING RESIDENCE. Good repair. Quiet, open position. 6 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room bathroom, usual offices.

Electric light, gas. Telephone. Garage.

Well-kept Garden of about HALF AN ACRE, fruit, vegetable, and rose trees, etc.

Inspected and recommended by

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

ONLY £1,950 FREEHOLD.

Hunting with The Grafton, Bicester and Whaddon Chase.

Delightful secluded position, on high ground, on outskirts of picturesque old town

ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE, splendidly built on two floors, standing back from road, and approached by long drive. Hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices.

Company's water and gas. Main drainage.

Stabling for 4. Two garages and good outbuildings.

WELL-STOCKED GROUNDS, with tennis lawn, kitchen gardens, etc., in all

about 2 ACRES.

Inspected and recommended by the Agents,

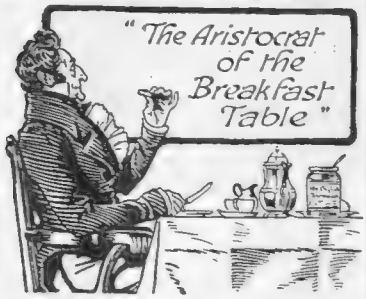
—HARRODS Ltd., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

CHIVERS' PURE FOODS

Purveyor of Jams Jellies and Canned English Fruits to his Majesty KING GEORGE V

By Appointment

Chivers' Olde English Marmalade



Prepared by a special process preserving the valuable tonic properties and full natural flavour of the Seville Orange. It has distinction. ". . . It makes breakfast worth while"—so a delighted user sums it up.

Chivers' GOLD-MEDAL Jams

Fresh from the Orchard to the Home

Note Chivers' Patent Hygienic Cover

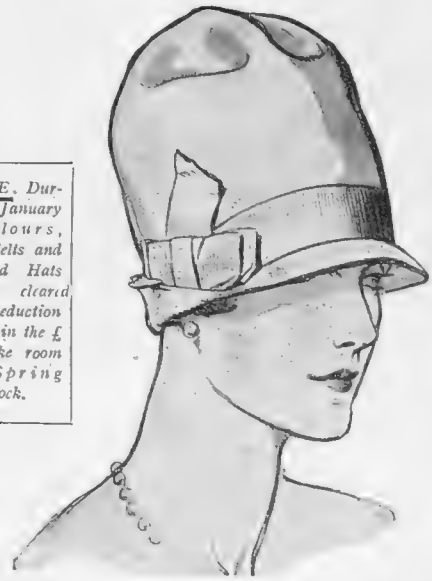
Prepared on the home-made principle during the fruit-picking season, from freshly-gathered fruit and refined sugar only. Guaranteed pure and free from glucose, chemical preservative, and artificial colouring.

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD.

The Orchard Factory,

Histon, Cambridge, England.

By Appointment



SALE. During January all Velours, Soft Felts and trimmed Hats to be cleared at a reduction of 5/- in the £ to make room for Spring stock.

Illustrated Catalogue and Price List free on application.

Telephone: Regent 1408. Telegrams: Scotoma, London.

"AIMÉE."
The new high crown flexible fur felt Hat in all leading shades.
38/6

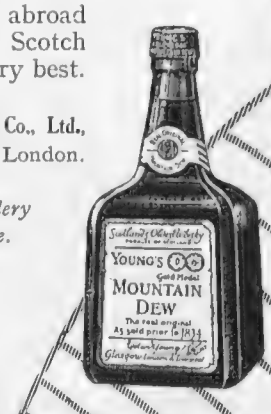
Scotts
THE HATTERS

1, OLD BOND ST.
PICCADILLY, W.1

Young's MOUNTAIN DEW
SCOTCH WHISKY

QUALITY FIRST SINCE 1797

The popularity of **YOUNG'S** Mountain Dew dates from the very inception of the trade in Blended Scotch Whiskies; and ever since, this brand has held an unrivalled position both at home and abroad as representing Scotch Whisky at its very best.



EDWARD YOUNG & Co., Ltd.,
Glasgow, Liverpool, London.

Glenugie Distillery
Aberdeenshire.

ANDRE HUGO

Permanent Steam Waving Specialist

By the latest scientific method, in which no electric heaters are used.

Charges **2 to 6 Gns.**

and his **Bewitching "BOBBED VICTORS," 63/- pair,** which give that charming "Shingled" or "Bobbed" effect so greatly admired.

180, SLOANE ST., LONDON.

Wave AND Curl WITH **Hindes Hair Wavers** YOUR Shingled Hair

The "WENTWORTH" BOILER

Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate.

Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.

Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING
(As particulars below).

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating, and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

Size of Boiler.	Capacity in Gls. Pipes Lineal. ft.	Tapping.	Diam. of Smoke Pipe.	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe.
No. 4 16in. × 12in.	170	1¼in.	5in.	£5 17 6
,, 5 16in. × 18in.	190	1¼in.	5in.	£7 7 6
,, 6 16in. × 24in.	220	1¼in.	5in.	£8 18 6
,, 7 16in. × 30in.	250	1¼in.	5in.	£10 11 6

GREENHOUSE.

	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12	× 44	× 8
,, 5 ,,	12	× 45	× 8
,, 6 ,,	12	× 56	× 8
,, 7 ,,	12	× 64	× 8

GARAGE.

	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	35	× 40	× 10
,, 5 ,,	40	× 40	× 10
,, 6 ,,	40	× 45	× 10
,, 7 ,,	45	× 45	× 10

Or same cubical contents.

NEWTON CHAMBERS & CO. LTD.
THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS near SHEFFIELD
Telegrams: "Newton, Sheffield." Estab. 1793. *Telephone:* Ecclesfield 71 & 72

In Glaxociety

BONNIE babies that grew up into sturdy children. *Glaxo Babies!* That is what the twins were, and that is why at eleven years old, Mother never has to worry about their health

At 10½ months

Glaxo

The Vitamin Milk Food

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) Twice Daily 2.30 and 7.45. ('Phone Gerrard 7540.)
GRAND INTERNATIONAL VARIETY PROGRAMME.
Managing Director. SIR OSWALD STOLL.

DALY'S. (Gerr. 0201). Evgs. 8.15. Matinées, Wed. & Sat. at 2.15.
YVONNE.
Mark Lester, Hal Sherman, Gene Gerrard and Ivy Tresmand.

SHAFTESBURY (Gerrard 6666.)
"MY SON JOHN."
BILLY MERSON ANNIE CROFT
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

Why go Grey?

HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 2/6 or direct:—
HINDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

OBESITY

THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—
MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, Welford Rd., Leicester (Box 89

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

Gives instant relief from Catarrh Asthma, etc.
THE STANDARD REMEDY FOR OVER 50 YEARS
4s. 6d. a tin.
At all Chemists

Foster Clark's
The Creamiest Custard
FOR
PARTIES AND DANCES

Hairdressing

at the

PHYLLIS EARLE SALONS

HAIRDRESSING at the Salons of Phyllis Earle is accorded the significance of an art. The experts engaged are skilled equally in the interpretation of the degrees of fashion and the exactitudes of personality.

	s.	d.
Shampoo	2	0
Cut, Singe and Shampoo	3	6
Waving	2	0
Water Waving, Natural Wavy or Permanently Waved Head	3	6
Shampoo and Water Wave	5	0
Shampoo and Marcel Wave	4	0
Shingling, First time	5	6
Shingling, Subsequently	3	6

Permanent Waving

Full Head	£5 : 5 : 0
Half Head	£3 : 3 : 0
Side Pieces	£1 : 5 : 0

Interesting literature describing Phyllis Earle Treatments and Preparations gladly sent on request.

Phyllis Earle Salons

32 DOVER STREET W.1 — 15 NORTH AUDLEY ST. W.1

Telephone: Regent 1931 — *Telephone: Mayfair 3798*

P & O and BRITISH INDIA CO.'s Passenger and Freight Services.
Under contract with H.M. Government.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; Freight or General Business; 122, Leadenhall St., E.C.3.
B.I. Agents, GRAY DAWES & Co., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free.)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3
The Only Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER.
Fully equipped and specially staffed for the better treatment and research into the causes of Cancer.
DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS & LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED
Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & CO., 440, Strand, W.C. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, *Secretary.*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—GRAND HOTEL.
HOTEL DE LONDRES.
TERMINUS PALACE HOTEL.

Brussels.—HOTEL ASTORIA.
PALACE HOTEL.

Le Zoute.—GOLF HOTEL.

EGYPT.

Cairo.—NATIONAL HOTEL.

FRANCE.

Ajaccio (Corse).—GD. HOTEL & CONTINENTAL.

Arles (B. du R.).—GRAND HOTEL DU NORD PINUS. Place du Forum. (Remains Roman Forum.)

Avignon.—HOTEL DE L'EUROPE.

Beaulieu-sur-Mer (A.M.)—HOTEL VICTORIA.

Biarritz.—
GRAND HOTEL ET BELLEVUE PALACE.
HOTEL CARLTON.
HOTEL CONTINENTAL.
HOTEL REGINA ET DU GOLF.
THE WHITE HOUSE (Jardin Public).

Boulogne-sur-Mer (P. de C.).—
HOTEL CHRISTOL-BRISTOL.

Cannes (A.M.).—HOTEL DES ANGLAIS.
HOTEL BEAU SITE.
HOTEL DU PARC.
HOTEL DU PAVILLON.
GRAND HOTEL.

Hyères, Var.—GRAND HOTEL DES ILES D'OR.
GRIMMS PARK HOTEL.
HOTEL DES PALMIERS.

Juan-les-Pins (A.M.).—GRAND HOTEL.
HOTEL L'OISEAU BLEU.

Lyon, Rhone.—CARLTON HOTEL.

Marseilles.—GRAND HOTEL.
HOTEL DE GENEVE.
HOTEL DE NOAILLES ET METROPOLE.
HOTEL DU LOUVRE ET DE LA PAIX.

Menton (A.M.)—HOTEL DES ANGLAIS.
HOTEL ANNONCIATA.
GD. HOTEL D'ORIENT ET D'ANGLETERRE.
VICTORIA PARK TEA ROOMS.
HOTEL MÉDITERRANÉE.
HOTEL BRITANNIA ET BEAU SITE.

Monte Carlo (Monaco).—HOTEL TERMINUS
HOTEL DES ANGLAIS ET ST. JAMES.
HOTEL BRISTOL.
HOTEL PRINCE DE GALLES
HOTEL DE PARIS.
GD. HOTEL DES ETRANGERS.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.
HOTEL VICTORIA.
ROYALTY BAR.
RIVIERA CLUB, 15, Promenade des Anglais.

Nice (A.M.).—GRAND HOTEL DU MONT BARON.
HOTEL BEAU RIVAGE.

Nice (A.M.) Con.—HOTEL MIRAMAR PALACE.
HOTEL SUISSE.
HOTEL SPLENDID.

Paris.—GRAND HOTEL, 12 Boulevard des Capucines.
HOTEL BRIGHTON, 218 Rue de Rivoli.
HOTEL BRISTOL, 112 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré (8e).
HOTEL CHATHAM, 17 Rue Daunou
HOTEL CONTINENTAL, 3 Rue Castiglione (1re).
HOTEL LINCOLN, 24 Rue Bayard (16ème)
HOTEL METROPOLITAN, 8 Rue Cambon (1)
HOTEL MEURICE, 228 Rue de Rivoli.
HOTEL SCRIBE, 1 Rue Scribe (1re).
HOTEL WAGRAM, 208 Rue de Rivoli.
ROYAL MONCEAU HOTEL, 33-39 Ave Hoche (8).

St. Jean de Luz (B.P.).—MODERN HOTEL.

St. Raphael (Var.)—GRAND HOTEL.
HOTEL LES ALGUES.
HOTEL BEAU RIVAGE.

Vence (A.M.)—
ENGLISH TEA ROOM, Le Chateau.

ITALY.

Naples.—EXCELSIOR HOTEL.

Rapallo.—GRAND HOTEL EXCELSIOR NEW CASINO.

Rome.—EXCELSIOR HOTEL.
GRAND HOTEL.
HOTEL BRISTOL, Piazza Barberini.
HOTEL VICTORIA, Via Sardegna.
PALACE HOTEL, Via Vittorio Veneto.

Venice.—GRAND HOTEL.
HOTEL ROYAL DANIEL.

SPAIN.

St. Sebastian.—CONTINENTAL PALACE HOTEL.

SWITZERLAND.

Andermatt.—DINOTH'S GRAND HOTEL.

Beatenberg.—GRAND HOTEL VICTORIA.

Chateau D'Oex.—
GRAND HOTEL & HOTEL BERTHOD.

Geneva.—GRAND HOTEL DE LA PAIX.

Kandersteg.—THE GRAND HOTEL.

Lausanne.—
LAUSANNE PALACE BEAUSITE HOTEL.

Lugano.—HOTEL METROPOLE-MONOPOLE.

Montreux.—EDEN GRAND HOTEL.

Montreux-Territet.—THE GRAND HOTEL.

Ouchy-Lausanne.—HOTEL DU CHATEAU. (New Management.)
PARC HOTEL.

Vevey.—THE GRAND HOTEL & PALACE.
PARK HOTEL MOOSER.

"OLD COMFORT"

We all call him "Old Comfort," although "The Renown" is his official and more dignified title. Visitors to Barkers take to him instinctively, such an atmosphere of sturdiness and ease surrounds him. To sit down and feel the springiness of his double springs, the resiliency of his hair stuffing, the richness of his Damask covering, is to make of him a friend for life. Yes, we're proud of "Old Comfort"—we produce him in our own Factory—we know his pedigree.

Overall depth, 3ft.
Width over arms, 3ft.
Depth of seat, 2ft.

£8 · 10s.

Carriage paid to nearest station in England or Wales

BARKERS

FURNISHING STORE
KENSINGTON, W.8

BFS4A JOHN BARKER & CO. LTD. WESTERN 5432

Headache

You can free yourself from Headache in a few minutes if you take two Genasprin tablets in a little water. The leading British medical authorities use and prescribe Genasprin because they know that Genasprin is absolutely *pure* and *safe*—that it is, in fact, the **ideal pain-reliever.**

A physician, writing in the *Medical Times*, states:

"In neuralgia, headache or rheumatic pains in the eyes and forehead, the frequent use of small doses of Genasprin affords effective relief from pain."

GENASPRIN

(The SAFE Brand of Aspirin)

Once you have personally experienced the wonderful pain-relieving properties of Genasprin you will never again use ordinary so-called pain-relievers.

All chemists sell Genasprin—price 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets.

Sole Proprietors:
GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICS.

FOR THE DANSANT THE

The BANTAM WEIGHT SHOE

Supple, Subtle, Silent

FROM THE PAVEMENT

Reveals your Individuality out of a Sea of Sameness.

If you cannot make a personal call send us your size & PAY THE POSTMAN

Stocked in:—
BOX CALF, TAN WILLOW CALF, PATENT LEATHER

30/-
Postage 6d.

TO THE DANCE FLOOR

ABBOTT

(PHIT-EESI)

W. ABBOTT & SONS LTD.

LONDON & PARIS.

44, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, & 82, REGENT STREET.

AND AT ALL ABBOTTS BRANCHES.

PETER ROBINSON

SALE

NOW PROCEEDING.

Reductions in all Departments.

No Catalogue issued.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W.1.

Tercentenary

1627

1927

How they danced in 1627

January 5th, 1627.

"To Whitehall with my lady for the ball, when the King takes out the Queen to begin and leads her the steps of a French coranto in her honour. very swift and pretty to see. Though at the first my mind misgave me to essaye it, yet with a black little French woman from among the Queen's ladies did get the trick of it pretty soon. Her English was as small as my French, but Lord! there is a language of the eye, that serves. Alack that it should be a language so misunderstanded of men's wives!"—*From the unwritten Journal of Christopher Mountjoy, Knight, sometime Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I.*

MANY styles of dancing have come and gone since the fickle Christopher footed it on that Friday night of long ago. Yet, in some things, life has changed no whit. Consider, for instance, the history of John Haig. First distilled in 1627, this good Scots Whisky has preserved an unbroken record of excellence down the centuries to this, its tercentenary year

John Haig

The Father of all Scotch Whiskies

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD., (*Owning Haig & Haig, Ltd.*), DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, *and* KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1

IMPROVE WEAK OR FAILING EYESIGHT.

MR. ERNEST HAVILLAND, the man who has already done so much to improve the Nation's eyesight, invites you to write for his Remarkable Book entitled "How to Improve Weak or Failing Eyesight."

This book holds one's interest from cover to cover because it explains in such simple language how the eye is made up of nerves, lens, and the muscular system controlling the eye.

It enthralls the reader by describing the truly wonderful possibilities of a method of simple treatment by liquid massage which can be done at home.

One thrills at the lucidity and simplicity with which one can strengthen one's eyes.

Many thousands of eye sufferers have been able to discard their glasses altogether, others have been able to take up work again which they had lost through not being able to see well enough or pass the eyesight test required by their calling.

Others again have been able to resume reading and needlework which they had had to abandon owing to pain caused when trying to focus.

Every state of society, every grade of industry welcomes the Havilland Treatment as a wonderful discovery. It is not a new science. Mr. Havilland perfected his Treatment years ago, and has benefited over 10,000 people who thank him in terms of unstinted praise and gratitude.

He wants more and more eye sufferers to know him, and asks you to write for his book which he gives freely if you will send 2d. stamps for its postage to him at

The Havilland Eyesight Institute, (Dept. B) 33 Strand, London, W.C.2.

REJUVENATE

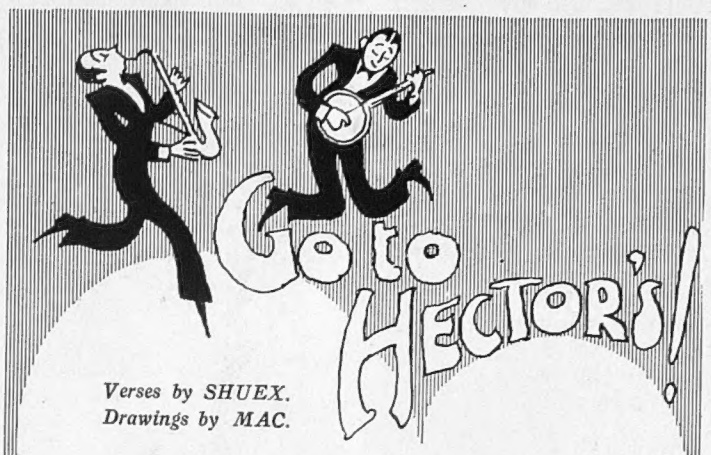
The vital importance of Electrical energy in the maintenance of health—and for Beauty Culture—applied by Violet Ray treatment has been fully established by practitioners all over the World. A perfect home self-treatment is now available at negligible cost by means of the

"STERLING" VIOLET RAY HIGH FREQUENCY GENERATOR

All British-Made. Reduced Prices from

£5 . 5 . 0

The Sterling Corporation (Gt. Britain), Ltd. 17 Mortimer Street, London, W.1.



Verses by SHUEX.
Drawings by MAC.

TO dance upon a perfect floor,
To hear a band that says: "Dance more!"
To speed the hours from eight till two,
What is it that the wise ones do?
GO TO HECTOR'S!

TO meet the friends that they hold dear,
Find food a gourmet's heart to cheer,
To see a cabaret unique,
The wise ones say—"Why do you seek?"
GO TO HECTOR'S!

TO find the Club so badly needed,
Where nothing but the best is heeded:
Where everything is done to please:
Where everyone is quite at ease,
GO TO HECTOR'S!

For particulars and application Forms for Membership please write to The Secretary.

HECTOR'S CLUB,
31, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.
'Phone: Museum 3198.

Have you the right time?

Does the question flatter or irritate? There was once a man whose watch actually corrected the One o'clock Ball at Greenwich, and there are twenty-five millions of equally reliable timekeepers in use today—their owners' reply is always not only polite, but timely:—

You need a watch; you want a

WALTHAM

Every Waltham watch is guaranteed and is backed by the experience and reputation of over seventy years.

Ask your Jeweller for the Waltham price list, showing more than 25 models suitable for lady's or gentleman's wear to meet all requirements.

Motor Car Book-keeping

WATERSTONS' MOTOR CAR REGISTER

will give you a complete yearly record of the work and expenses of your car in simplest form. The ninth edition contains new information and many improvements and is supplied in five styles of binding.

Prices from 5/6 to 16/-
postage 6d. extra.

GEORGE WATERSTON & SONS Ltd.
St. Bride Street, London, E.C.
35 George Street, Edinburgh,
and all booksellers.

"MENE" TOWELS FOR LADIES

ANTISEPTIC ABSORBENT ECONOMICAL
HEALTHY CLEAN COMFORTABLE

Prove our assertion by asking your draper, or writing, Miss Haynes, Manageress, Robinson & Sons, Ltd., 168 Old Street, London, E.C.1,

FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING & H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES

Aquascutum Regd. Overcoat Sale

Daily during January

Regular Quality Aquascutum Overcoats for Men & Women

Not "Specially Made for a Sale"

FROM **£3**

Usual Price from £6:6:0

AQUASCUTUM LTD · 100 Regent St. · London · W · 1

Another "good deal" concluded — helped with judgment, inspired and mellowed by

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

MEDIUM 10 *for* 6D. WHITE LABEL 10 *for* 5½D.

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LTD

N.C.C. 10

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 6, Great New Street, London, E.C.4.—January 12, 1927.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.